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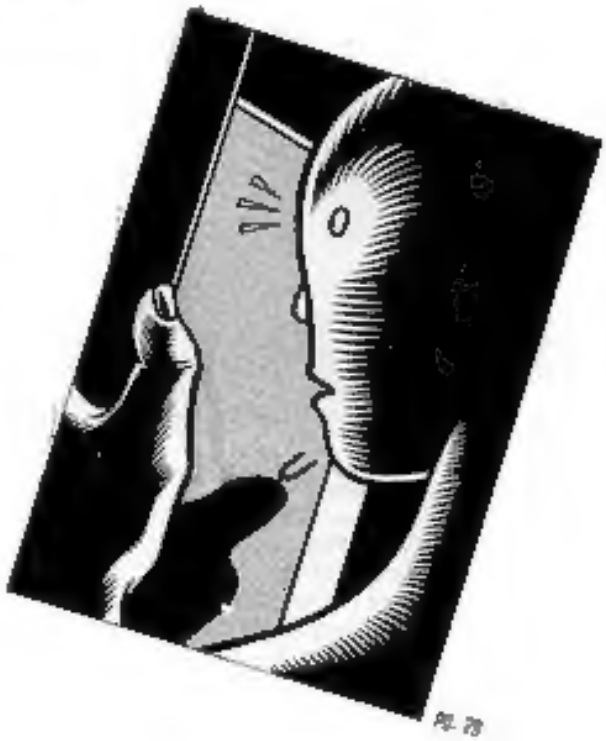

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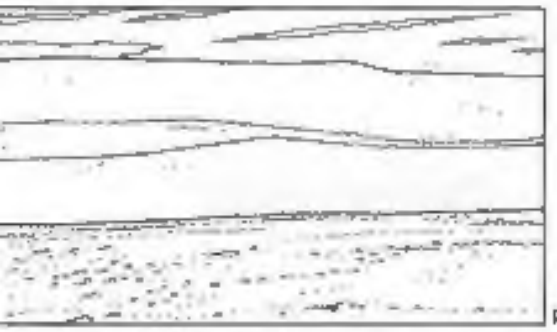

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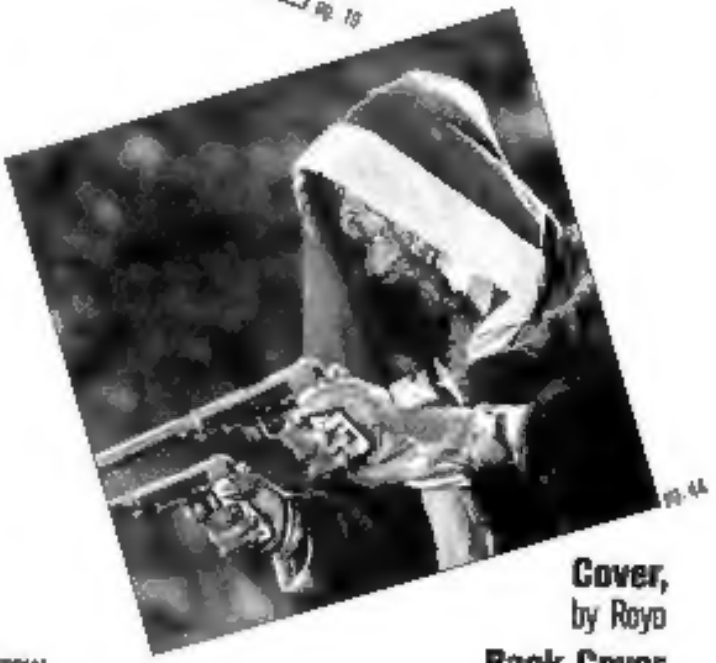

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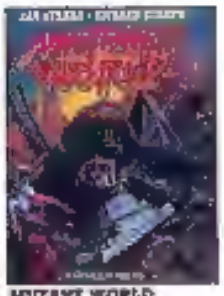

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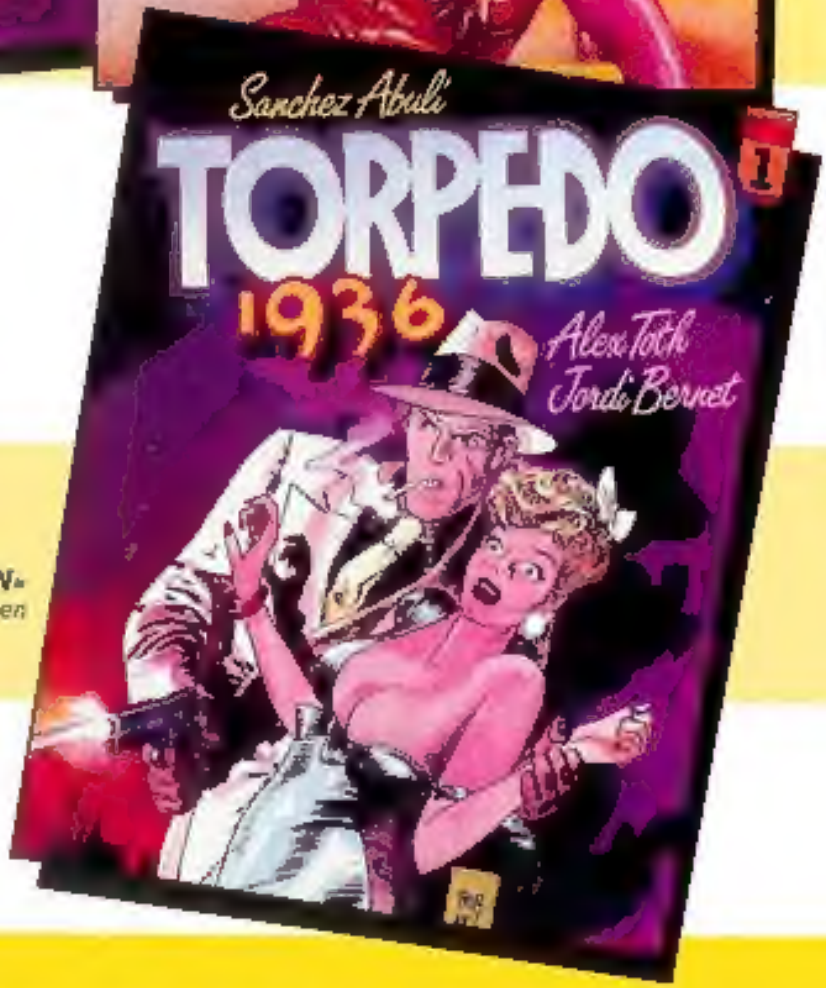

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EVEN THOUGH THE JOBS WERE NOT MORE FOR RICHARD DEACON, HE CONTINUED TO HANG AROUND THE STUDIOS ANYWAY.

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WACKY HEE HAW STAR JUNIOR SAMPLES WOULD ROUND UP THE NEIGHBORHOOD CHILDREN FOR BIRTHDAY PARTIES ON ANY GIVEN DAY.

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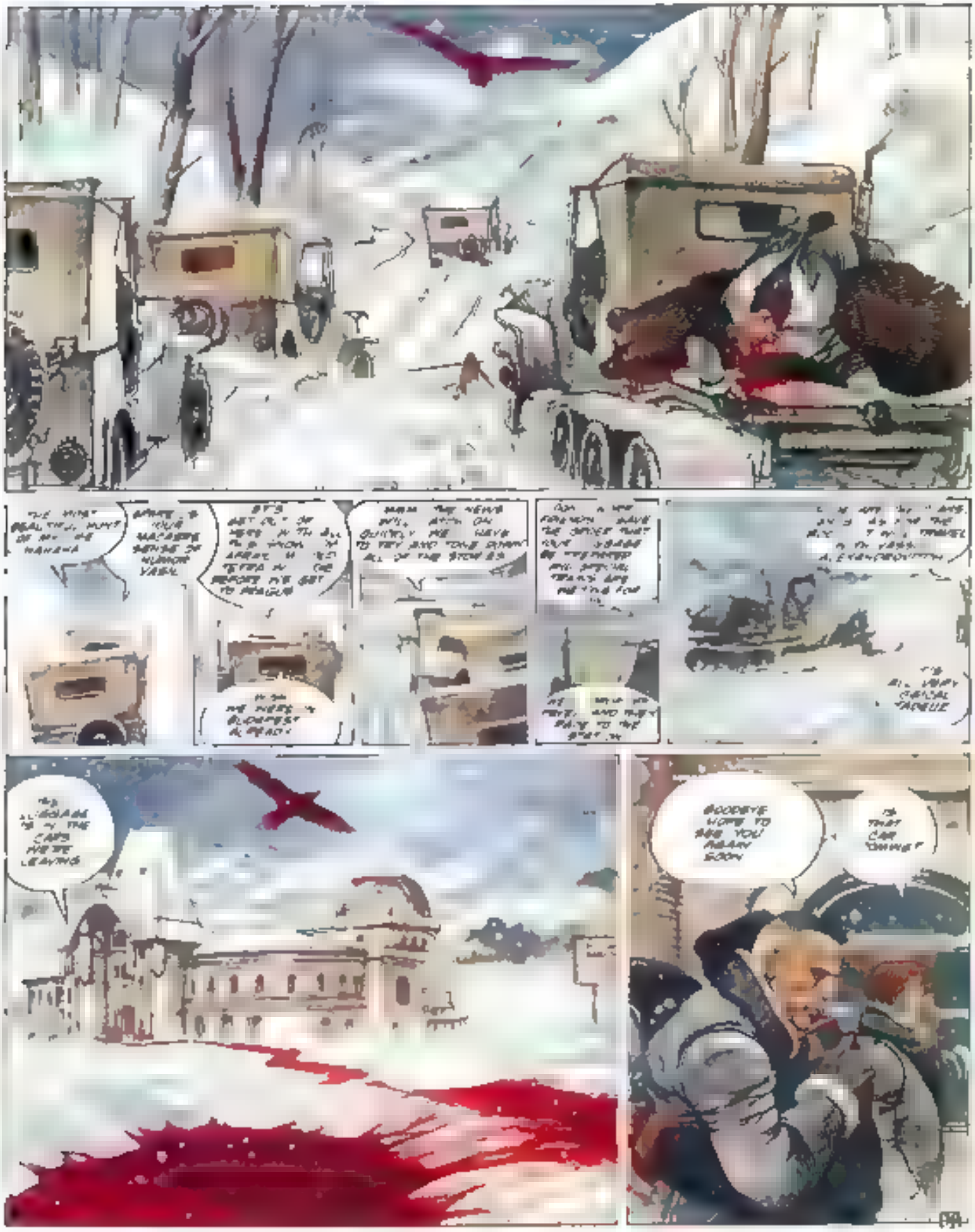
The Hunting Party

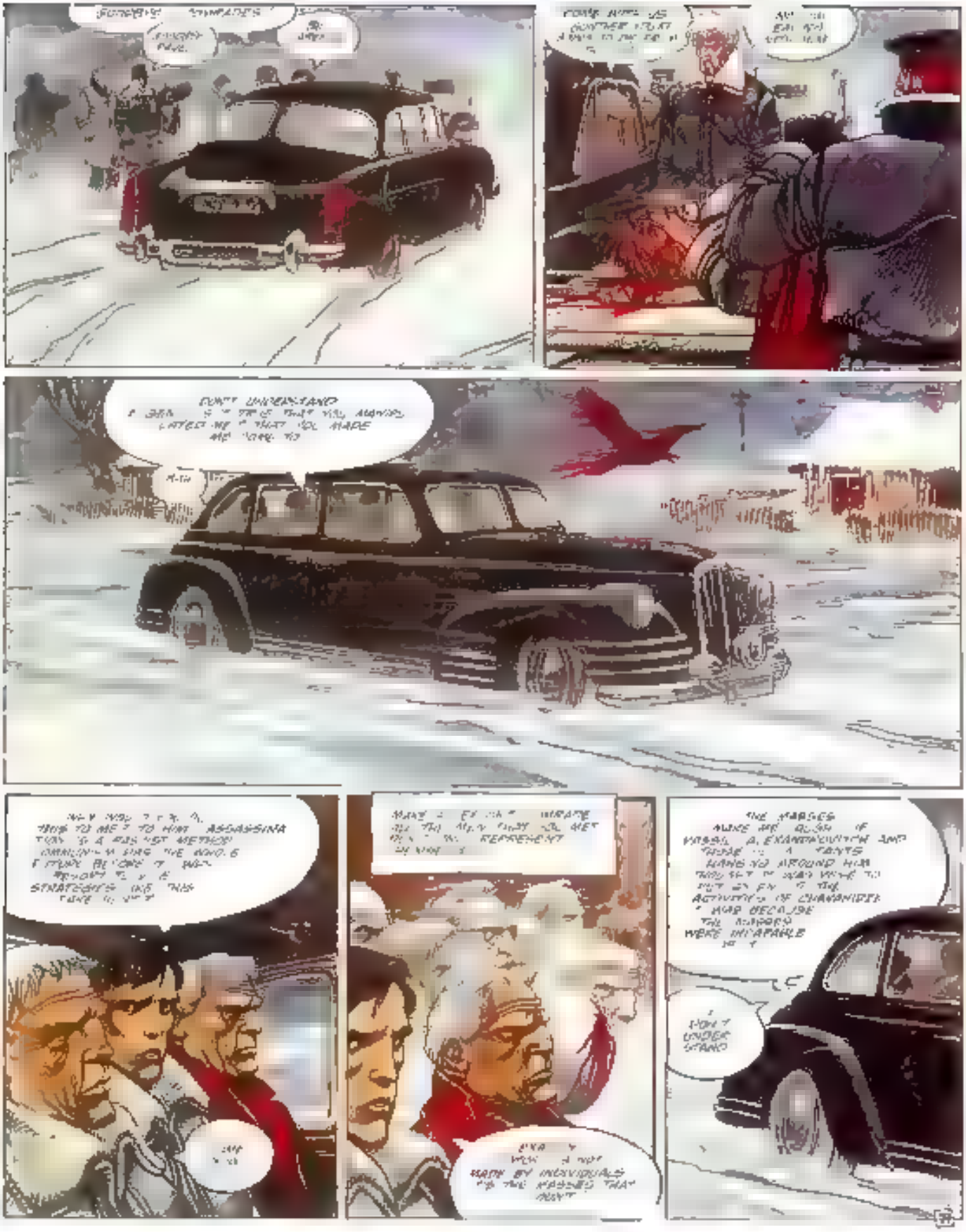
christin·bilal

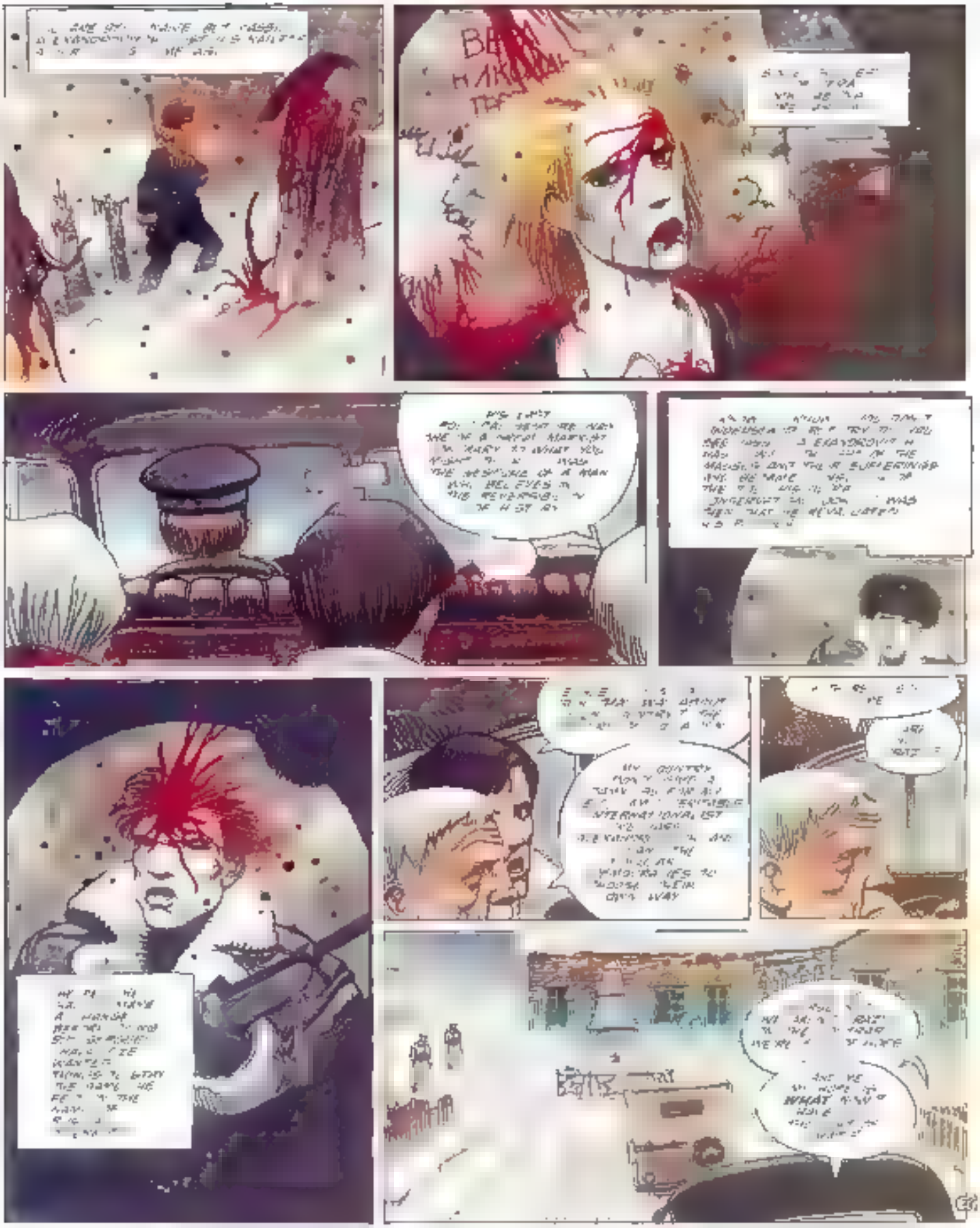
LAST WE READ SERGUE CHAVANDEE HAD SHOT DURING THE GREAT HUNTING EXPEDITION WHETHER IT WAS AN ACCIDENT OR NOT IS FOR YOU TO DECIDE

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT HUNTERS AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT
AN ACCIDENT? YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH OF ANY PARTY TRAITORS THIS IS A POLITICAL ASSASSINATION AND YOU KNOW THAT PERFECTLY WELL
HEY ALL DOWN MISTER KNOW IT ALL YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE IT SEEMS TO BE THAT SERGUE CHAVANDEE DIDN'T FOLLOW YASSIL ALEXANDROVITCH'S INSTRUCTIONS
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT YASSIL
EVERYTHING WAS PLOTTED YOU GAVE HIM A BAD POSITION AT THE HUNT KNOWING FULL WELL THAT WE WOULD HAVE TO MOVE DOWN AND THEN OF COURSE YOU MANIPULATED THIS YOUNG BRETON FROM FRANCE TO
ME? BUT ASSAULT YOU
WELL DENOUNCE YOU ALL DON'T COUNT ON MY FORMER FRIENDSHIP TO COVER UP THIS MESS
DON'T COUNT ON THEM EITHER HUNTER
THAT'S RIGHT

A SUPER HEAVY WHO MUST HIM !
WHILE IT WAS THE HI JOD IS A MAN THAT MADE HIM AND DOWN !
NOW LET'S NOT GET SENTIMENTAL, JANOS




I DON'T UNDERSTAND
THE MASSES ARE QUICK TO
AND THERE IS A TENTE
HAND TO AROUND HIM
I DON'T UNDER STAND



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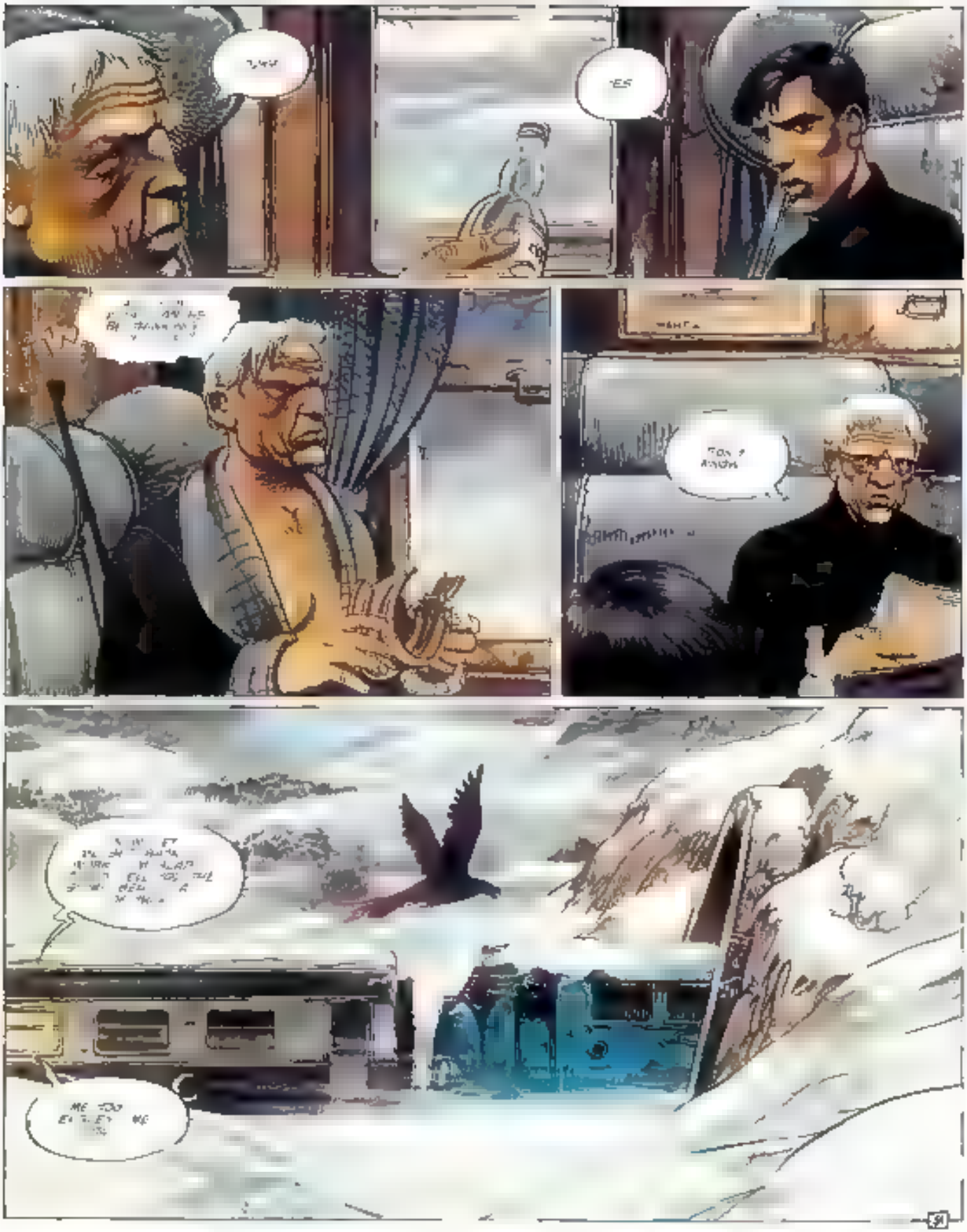

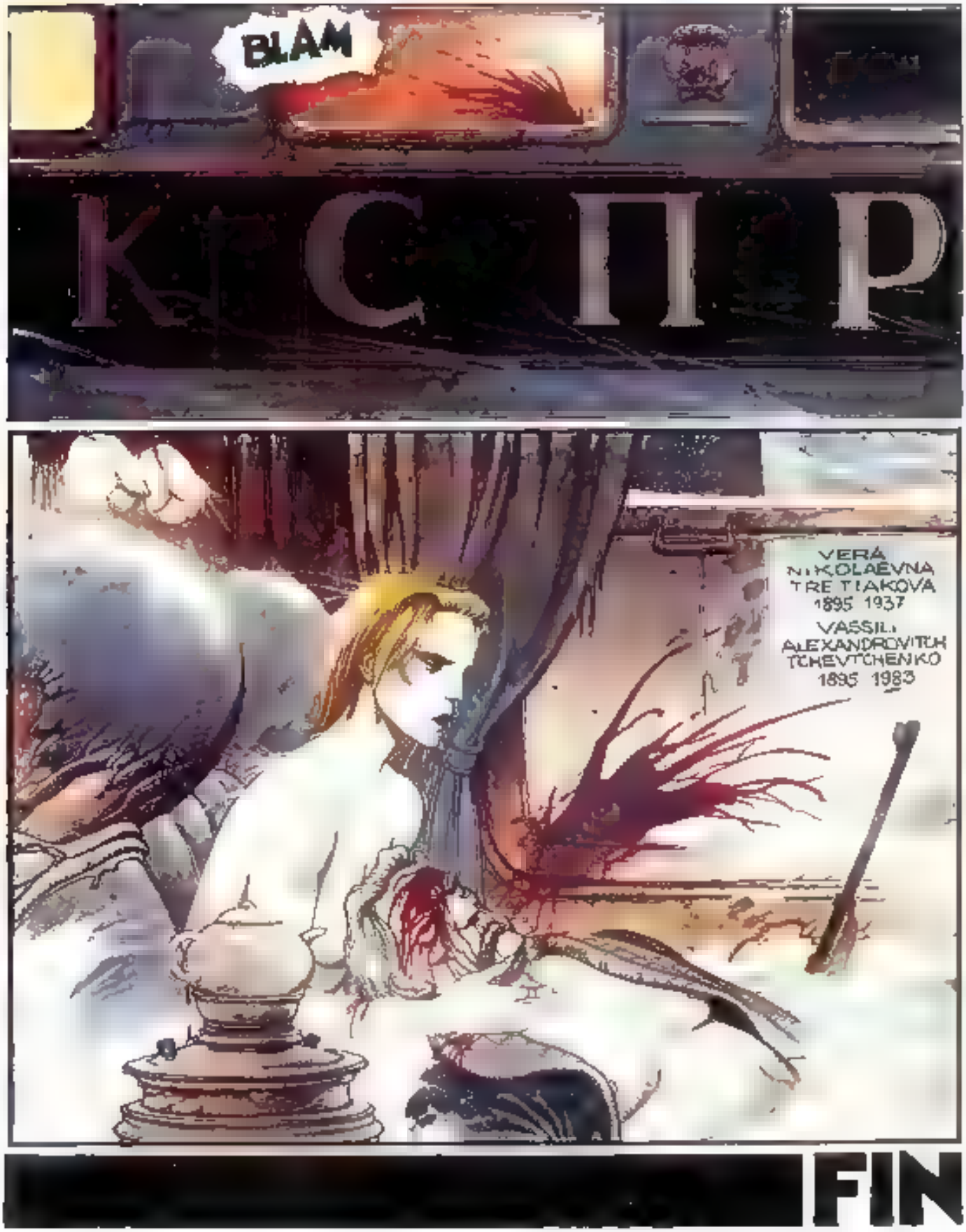
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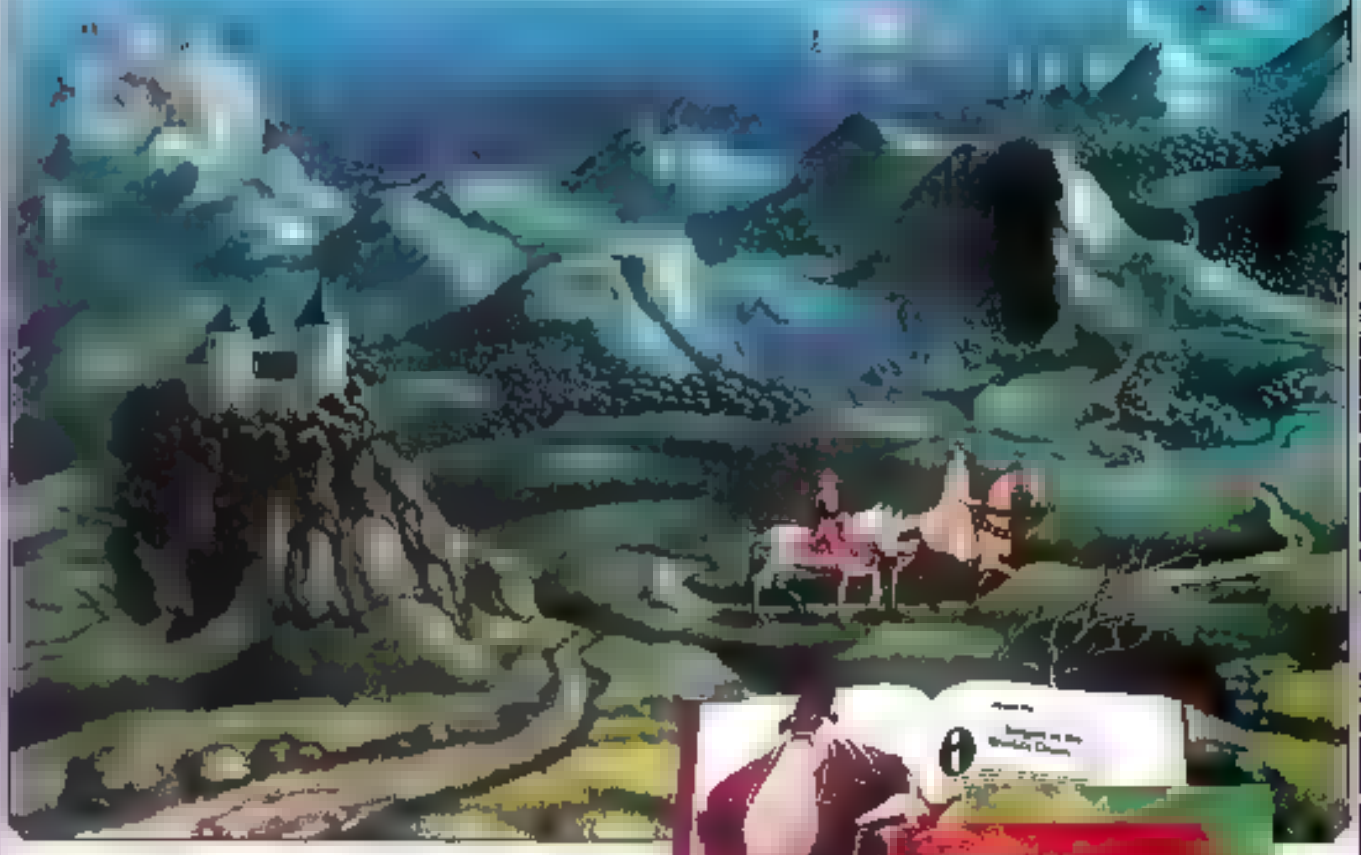

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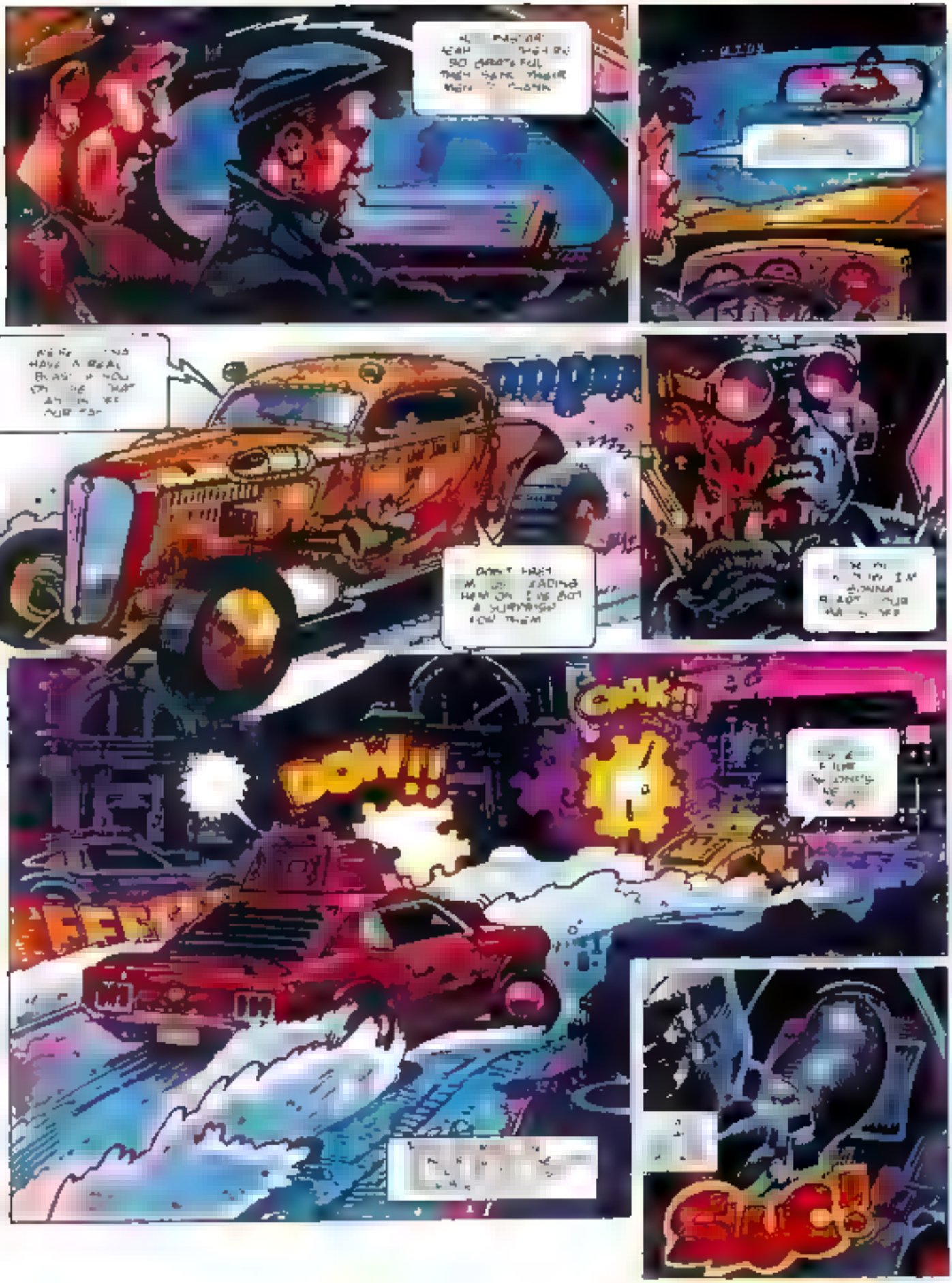
ANOTHER SMALL INCIDENT IN THE ONGOING TURF WARS THE YEAR IS 2002 AND SOCIETY AS WE KNOW IT HAS LONG DISAPPEARED THE CITY IS AN ILLEGAL ZONE WHERE ONLY THOSE STRONG ENOUGH OR RUTHLESS ENOUGH REMAIN HIS RUTHLESSNESS AND E WE ARE THE [illegible]
THAT WAY HOME GREAT ASS RUSH BUT I HAD A FEELING THOSE CHICKS WERE THE BLACK KNIGHT'S PROPERTY
YEAH I KNOW I TOO I JUST CAN'T RESIST LATINO WOMEN
CHINE
BUSE IN



THE WHEELS OF THE STINGER BOMB MONSTERTRUCK BIT INTO THE ASPHALT BENEATH THE SNOW AND THE ENGINE ROARED INTO THE IMPOSSIBLE AIR
BOOM!!
OH, NO!
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL!
I WANT THAT!

BURST!!

BUSH LOOK OUT!
3 SANITATION POLICE
TOO LATE TO STOP JUMP
3 SANITATION POLICE
BOUP!

CRASH!
SANITRA

AHH HAH'N TAKE IT SLASH BOYS
PLATOON
AIM

SNIPER
WHAT THE HELL!
AAAARGHHH!
BLAM BLAM! BLAM!
THE 7TH ONE THE GANG MEMBERS OF CL ARE CUT DOWN IN A MATTER OF SECONDS BY THE MERCILESS GUN SIGHT OF THE UNKNOWN SNIPER. THEIR BLOOD STAINING THE FRESH SNOW
I CLOSED MY EYES WHEN I HEARD THE SHOTS. NOW THEY'RE ALL DEAD. WHO DID THIS?
I GUESS I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO THANK. LOOK IT TO HOLE EFT

IT'S HIM
REBEL

©1984 C BURNS
El Borbah
Bone Voyage
STORY SO FAR WHILE SEARCHING THE RANSACKED APARTMENT OF WALDA KISSLING EL BORBA FINDS A CLUE THAT LEADS HIM TO A HOTEL CALLED THE WISHBONE AT THE BAR HE'S GIVEN A DRUGGED DRINK THAT KNOCKS HIM ON HIS ASS
JESUS HE'S COMING OUT OF IT I GAVE HIM ENOUGH DOPE TO PUT AN ELEPHANT IN A COMA
YOU'D BETTER STAND BACK DOC
WAP!
SNAP OUT OF IT FATMAN WE'VE GOT A FEW QUESTIONS FOR YOU

WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN HIRED TO FIND WALDA KISSLING BUT THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WE DON'T UNDERSTAND
YEAH LIKE HOW'D YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE WISHBONE?
?!
WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUR BIG UGLY DOG-FACED MAMA?
ALRIGHT .. LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TEACH YOU A LESSON.
COME ON LET'S SEE YOUR STUFF
TRY HITTING ME HARD THIS TIME
HARDER YOU LOUSY LITTLE WIMP!
UHH. THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO MAKE YOU TALK .. RIGHT, DOC?
WHEN WE GET BACK YOU'RE GOING TO WISH YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN!
YOUR MAMA WISHES YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN!
AND DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO BREAK OUT OF HERE WISEGUY. THIS DOOR IS SOLID STEEL!

HMMM .I MUST HAVE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETH NG BIG THOSE CHARACTERS ARE MUCHO UPTIGHT ABOUT ME SHOWING MY FACE AT "THE WISHBONE"
SPEAKING OF UPTIGHT
SOLID STEEL DOOR. HUH?
I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE MY OWN DOOR
WAM!
?
HALF AN HOUR LATER..
JESUS H. CHRIST THIS PLACE GOES ON FOREVER..I'M GETT NG NOWHERE FAST!
SHIT! SOMEONE'S COMING! I'D BETTER MAKE MYSELF SCARCE..

JESUS A WHOLE TROOP OF 'EM
I THINK I'LL JOIN THE PARTY
O.K. BOZO KEEP QUIET AND I MIGHT LET YOU BREATH AGAIN
HEY, NOT A BAD FIT
IF I DON'T GET MY ASS IN GEAR I'M GONNA BE LEFT BEHIND.
THIS MUST BE THE R CLUBHOUSE.
CREEPIN' CHRIST ON A CROSS! WE'RE IN SOME DAMN CAVE!
HOLY SHIT!

HERE COMES THE BIG CHEESE.
GOOD EVENING AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN, BROTHERS OF THE BONE. WE HAVE A GREAT DEAL TO COVER THIS EVENING
BUT FIRST ON THE AGENDA WE HAVE A SMALL DISPUTE TO SETTLE BETWEEN TWO OF OUR DISTRICT CHAIRMEN.
AND HOW SHALL WE SETTLE THIS DISPUTE MY BROTHERS?
THE WISH BONE!
THE MOMENT OF JUDGEMENT AWAITS YOU! TAKE YOUR APPOINTED SEATS
YES, OH MIGHTY MASTER OF THE BONE.
LET THE WISHBONE BE YOUR JUDGE
SNAP!
ZZZZZZZZ
ZZZ
CRAK!
!
BOOM
I DID IT! I DID IT! I WON.
JEEZE I CAN THINK OF EASIER WAYS OF CROAKIN A GUY

MAN. THIS COSTUME IS GETTING ON MY NERVES AND I'M HURTIN FOR A BUTT
SAY PAL YOU GOTTA SMOKE?
?
AN INTRUDER! WE HAVE AN INTRUDER!
OOPS. TIME TO BOOK
HEY, SOME SORT OF GO-CART JUST WHAT I NEED TO MAKE TRACKS!
THERE HE IS
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
VROOOOM
WOW THIS LITTLE BABY CAN WHIP!
UH-OH.
WAAM!
CONTINUED

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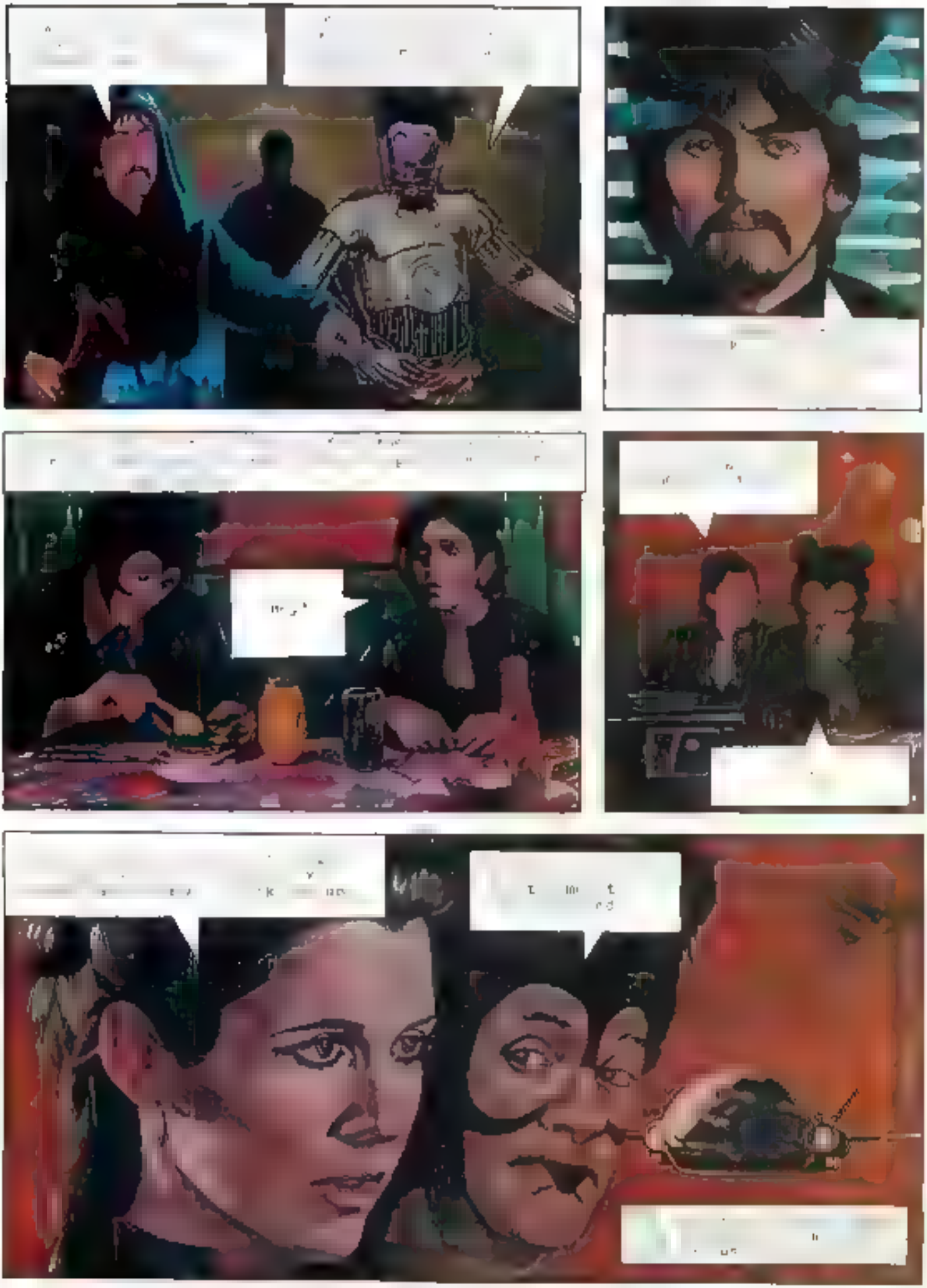
[illegible] this he realized that his [illegible] and, [illegible] his pride he entered a Battle of the Bands contest. At that time the Beters were at the zenith of their [illegible] popularity, and teenagers flocked to any event connected with [illegible]

Who-who are you?
I quiver with eagerness to thrust myself into your universal presence
Yes yes yes Please please, please
Now his molecules are spread across the universe he is become a part of it



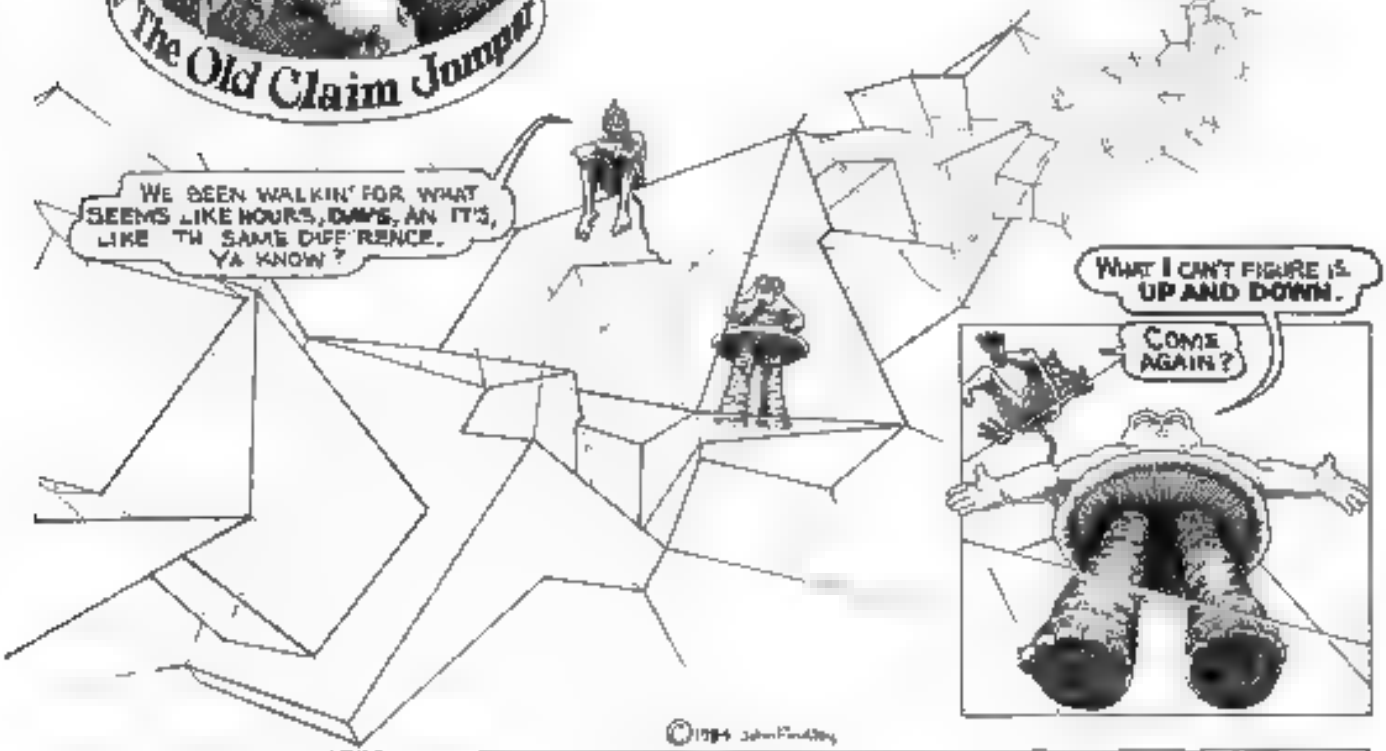
TEX ARCANA

MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE

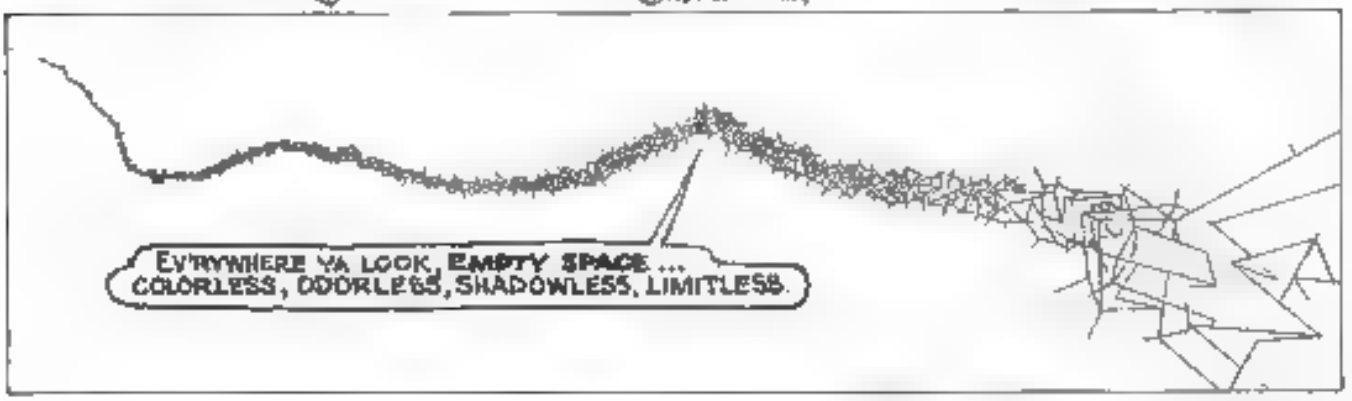
PART 18

HOWDY TO ALL OF YOU OUT THERE IN DEAR READER LAND AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE WIERD WEST.

WELL, WHILE THE OTHER PLAYERS IN OUR STORY ARE LANGUISHING HAPLESSLY IN THE THRALL OF CURSED NIGHT, OUR OLD FRIENDS, HERP AND SWEAZ HAVE DISCOVERED A NOVEL ALTERNATIVE....


WE BEEN WALKIN' FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, DAMS, AN IT'S, LIKE TH SAME DIFFRENCE. YA KNOW?
WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE IS. UP AND DOWN.
COME AGAIN?

©1984 John Findley



JEEZ SWEATZ, YER RIGHT! UH. SO?
SO, NOW COME UP IS 'WATAWAY AN' DOWN'S 'SELLOW?
SEE, TH' ONLY THING WRONG IS THIS STRANGE CHAIN OF SURFACES AND PLANES STRETCHING FROM ONE END OF NUTHIN TO TH OTHER WHERE'S THE GRAVITY COMIN' FROM?
I MEAN IT'D MAKE MORE SENSE IF WE WERE CLIMBIN' UP OR DOWN THIS THING INSTEAD OF WALKIN ALONG IT
YER GONNA HAFTA HELP ME OUT ON THIS, I AIN'T EXACTLY FOLLOWIN'
EVERYTHING IN THIS WHOLE DAMNED PLACE IS EITHER OUT THERE WHERE WE'RE GOIN OR BACK THERE WHERE WE CAME FROM
WELL, LOOK AT IT THIS WAY THERE'S NO APPARENT DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THAT WAY AND THIS WAY OR UP AND DOWN
AN YET TH SOURCE OF GRAVITY IS DOWN THERE WHY?
IT DOESN'T MAKE A WHOLE LOTTA SENSE, HERP HERE WE GOT THIS WHOLE UNIVERSE ORIENTED AROUND A SINGLE WHATCHACALLIT. AXIS AN YET GRAVITY PULLS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO IT HOW COME?
2

I GUESS WHAT I'M TRYIN' T' ASK IS WHERE'S TH' SYMMETRY?
OKAY, WELL... WHAT IF WE'RE ON LIKE, TH' HALFWAY POINT ALONG THIS CHAIN OF STUFF OR IF TH' CHAIN IS, YA KNOW, INFINITE THEN TH' PULL OF GRAVITY WOULD LIKE, BALANCE OUT?
RIGHT?
AN' IT WOULD SEEM LIKE "UP" WAS AWAY FROM TH' CHAIN AN' "DOWN" WAS T'WARD'S IT
SO WHAT COULD BE WRONG WITH THAT THEORY?
A COUPLA THINGS.
FIRST, IF TH' CHAIN WAS TH' ONLY SOURCE OF GRAVITY IT WOULD HAVE TO BE ENORMOUSLY DENSE TO HOLD US SO STRONGLY... YET IT'S TRANSPARENT
HMM
SECOND, TH' APPARENT GRAVITATIONAL PULL WOULD BE PERPENDICULAR TO THE SOURCE IN ALL DIRECTIONS, SO ONE SHOULD BE ABLE TO WALK SIT OR STAND IN THE SAME WAY ON ALL SIDES OF THIS THING
WHICH ONE CLEARLY CANNOT DO!
GOTCHA!
YA MADE YER POINT, SWIRLZ
SO, WHAT'S ALL THIS TELL US?
OOF! CAREFUL WITH MY PLANES
I THINK IT MEANS THAT THIS PLACE ISN'T REAL
IT'S IMAGINARY
ARE YOU TELLIN ME THAT ONE OF US JUST SORTA DREAMED IT UP?
SOMEBODY DREAMED IT UP

MEANWHILE, BACK IN HAGHART'S CHAMBERS, AT THE BOARDING HOUSE BELONGING TO THE WIDOW BURNS
COME IN, MRS BURNS
AH! THEN YOU MUST BE
I WAS NOT AWARE THAT YOU, TOO, ARE A MUSICIAN
TO BE CONTINUED

Dossier

Gregory Mcdonald

From 1966 to 1973 he was a columnist and the Arts and Leisure editor of the Boston *Globe* starting at age twenty-nine. He describes a riot he had covered: "A policeman came charging out of a blue barrage. He was running toward me. He had a big stick in his hand. There were two of us sitting there, this kid next to me who was not much younger than I, about the same size. And I could see this policeman as he was coming toward us, making a decision as to which one he was going to hit on the head with a stick. And it was very interesting. 'Will he hit me or the kid?' He had no idea who I was. ... And I went up to him, about half an hour later, and said: 'I'm interested in the intellectual/emotional process you went through. Why did you choose to hit him instead of me?'

"And he said, 'Who're you?'

"I said, 'I'm Gregory Mcdonald from the *Globe*.'

"And he said: 'Why do you *wear*?'

"The first time he'd ever been asked that question. Mcdonald laughs, still amazed by the whole thing. "The answer he'd given (the cop had been sincerely altruistic—as he is still—but seven minutes earlier Mcdonald said this to me of writing: 'It's the most polite response to life of which I'm capable.'

Although now best known worldwide as the author of the "Fletch" and "Flynn" series, Mcdonald first attained writerly prominence a decade before their start with his 1964 *Running Scared*, a scathing deadpan novel indicting the Ivy League and its complementary institutions for earnestly churning out cold-blooded shits instead of the usual Joe Colleges. When he joined the *Globe* two years later, Mcdonald became the first journalist at a major daily to write against the Vietnam War and—QED—the first to get his ass kicked for it. After seven years to the day of intense newspaper work he quit, went into semi-isolation, and a year later published *Fletch*.

The introduction of I. M. Fletcher—reporter, iconoclast, good guy, and dedicated striptease—brought several new approaches to mystery writing, not the least of which was an incredibly vivid, pared-down prose Mcdonald terms "post cinematic." Neither in perpetual fear nor a knightly sap, Fletch operated out of a healthy self-interest, making him wealthy and ever more resourceful in his premier book and its sequel, *Confess, Fletch*. Both won Edgar awards. *Confess, Fletch* introduced Mcdonald's other major continuing character, the redoubtable Boston Police Inspector Francis Xavier Flynn, whose Irish-cop cover keeps him occupied, whenever inactive, for a friendly international superspy agency. Brilliant, sarcastic, and fully middle-class, Flynn is Mcdonald's greatest creation, garnering his own series with 1977's *Flynn*. (By the by, Mcdonald has also written two non-series novels, a sprawling, gently funny tale about an advice columnist, entitled *Love Among the Mashed Potatoes* and a light, very informed, diplomatic suspense story, *Who Took Toby Rinaldi?*)

Says Mcdonald: "I think what Flynn and Fletch have that people respond to is a refusal to be a victim. They are put into a circumstance in which they appear to be victimized—you know, the whole world is coming down on them—and through their wit, humor, whatever, you see at the end of the book that they're not victimized. ... If you go out into the street and ask people what they think about people, I think more than half of your answers will be negative, that they really don't have a good opinion of the human race. At least they'll say this: that almost everybody is victimized by being alive, by having to have relationships, a job, by having to eat. Yet I think 99.9

NAHALLYWOOD

At one point, laughs director **Albert Pyun**, our ad campaign was going to read [illegible] death, rock 'n' roll, the figure [illegible]."

In a roundabout way, director Pyun is describing his next fantasy extravaganza ***Radioactive Dreams***, a modestly budgeted [illegible] *film noir*, 1950s rock 'n' roll, 1960s psychedelia, and 1980s punk.

Present and accounted for are mutant surfers, lizard villains, black-leather encased biker women, ugly greasers, deafening rock bands, hippie cannibals, and—oh yeah—an 800-pound monster rat named Sniffles.

At this point in his career, the boyish Pyun can (and will) get away with murder. His low-budget independent fantasy, ***The Sword and the Sorcerer***, outgrossed most of the studio flicks in 1982 (eventually amassing over $35 million) and he's hoping that *Radioactive Dreams* will do the same in 1985, although he candidly admits, "This one's a bit weirder—a lot."

The movie opens shortly before World War III when two boys, aged four, are [illegible] into a fallout shelter by [illegible] mysterious strangers. Fifteen years later, after having nothing to do in the shelter but read 1940s detective novels, they emerge as two wisecracking-detective kind of guys, Philip (John Stockwell) and Marlowe [illegible].

Within hours they meet their first *real* villain ever, the enigmatic Miles Archer (Lisa Blount), two even more mysterious adults, Spade Chandler (George Kennedy) and Dash Hammer (Don Murray), and enough mutants to qualify the film for *The Day After*'s greatest-hits status. Within twenty-four hours the boys become embroiled in a thriller of a plot that takes the Earth to the brink of World War IV.

And that's not even taking into consideration the tank-sized rat [illegible].

"It's pretty funny but pretty dramatic, too," says Pyun. "After *The Sword and the Sorcerer*, I wanted to do an adventure film. I read that *The Day After* was going to be filmed, and I figured that the post-nuke genre might become popular. At that time the MX missile debates were going strong.

"Originally the movie was going to be a Dan Aykroyd-Bill Murray kind of comedy, with two guys in their mid-thirties stuck in a bomb shelter all these years. The only reason they leave is because they run out of beer. That was funny, but it seemed like pretty much of a one-joke film. Where do you go from there? It was shallow.

"Instead, we made it two young kids going through a pretty wild rites-of-passage story. At first, the movie was going to be very sexual. I mean, they've been in a bomb shelter all their lives so all they cared about was getting laid. It was going to be a real teenage movie. But then we figured that *that* got to be a one-joke idea, too. So we played around with the story a little more. Now it's almost a Hitchcock-type of dark comedy.

"We decided to make the boys old-fashioned detectives in the future because that kind of character represents the simpler, nobler America of the 1940s. For all their hard-boiled mannerisms, these detectives were pretty naive and trusting. They were the perfect kinds of people to view a post-nuclear world. They would be constantly amazed.

"The most difficult aspect in getting this going was the fact that the movie is so high-concept that it had to have a lot of substance to it or it would just run out of gas. The real trick has been to create

---

Gregory Mcdonald *continued*

percent of those people have the courage, the strength of mind on any intellectual [illegible].

What Mcdonald brings especially to mysteries that his imitators can never hope to swipe, in addition to his empathy and extraordinary ability to manufacture [illegible] that serves to break open the conventions of a terribly conservative genre. In this regard the most profound example is ***The Buck Passes Flynn***, wherein the main villain is inflation—this is the heart of the book, which is resolved not in accordance with the dictates of detective story silliness but by shunting the plot into an alternate universe. Mcdonald's most recent work also attains this level. If bizarre achievement. ***Carlucci Fletch***, chronologically the direct sequel to *Fletch*, takes its hero to Brazil, a highly spiritualistic country, and may well be the most accurate novel about Latin magic by an outsider. And with a setup worthy of Conan Doyle or Rex Stout, ***Flynn's In*** concerns itself with the elitism that proves the select few who *really* run the world. Wholly unDidactic, Mcdonald is simply one of the brightest, most innovative popular writers today.

Yet his success sometimes only serves to emphasize some surprising inner conflicts. An ambivalent who chain-smokes, Gregory Mcdonald periodically thinks he should be [illegible] of guilt over his leisurely writer's existence, despite an upbringing by liberal, artistic, and apparently guiltless parents. At the same time he worries that the average person has far too little self-esteem, and his task is to encourage people to overcome their timidity, just as he must by writing. He remembers an autograph party: "To me the most incredible and annoying thing about people, and I can't tell you how many times this has happened, is how people will come up to me and they'll say, 'I've been looking forward to meeting you,' and I'll say, 'I've been looking forward to meeting you.' Which is true, you know—what the hell else am I doing? And they know my name and all. It [illegible]

'What is your name?'

'Oh, I'm not important. [illegible] sort of denies everything I [illegible] everything I'm about."

—Robert Morales

Gregory Mcdonald's books are best read in order of publication:

1964 Running Scared (Avon)

1974 Fletch (Avon)

1976 Confess, Fletch (Avon)

1977 Flynn (Avon)

1978 Fletch's Fortune (Avon)

1978 Love Among the Mashed Potatoes (Dutton)

1980 Who Took Toby Ziegler? (Putnam)

1981 Fletch and the Widow Bradley [illegible]

1982 The Buck Passes Flynn (Ballantine)

1982 Fletch's Moxie (Warner)

1983 Fletch and the Man Who (Warner)

1984 Carlucci Fletch (Warner)

1984 Flynn's In (The Mysterious Press)

situations that were new and different all the way through, situations that would really challenge our heroes both physically and emotionally.

And so Pyun came up with the idea of taking them through different "styles" of Americana on their quest, ranging from the 1940s to the 1980s.

In the beginning, the "detective" boys are discovered in a bomb shelter. These scenes were filmed in classic *noir* black and white in the old 35 screen format. When Philip and Marlowe later enter the Hippie District of Edge City, *cinéma vérité* hand-held cameras—so popular in the *Woodstock* and *Easy Rider* films—are used. When the boys enter the Punk District, the movie looks like a gigantic rock video.

"In spite of the futuristic time frame and the whacked-out visuals, Pyun thinks the movie is, basically, an old-time detective thriller. "Those old Chandler and Hammett novels were always about a guy who thought he knew everything. He was cynical and tough, jaded. At the end of the story, though, he realizes that he's been made a sap, and that he didn't really know too much after all. Hopefully, the next time out, he won't be fooled.

Our boys are like those heroes. Our two boys in the bomb shelter are so innocent they think they know all about the world. The middle of the film finds them tossed into a detective thriller, and the lovable qualities they possessed in the first act begin to fade. They become hard and jaded. They get double-crossed and abused and, by the end of the second act, they are hard-core, non-feeling young men. The last act deals with whether they are going to make it back, emotionally, to where they started from."

Stylistically, it was fun to do. The movie starts off very dark, in the bomb shelter. Then, when Philip and Marlowe emerge into the *real* world for the first time, it gets very bright. As they get more jaded, the film gets darker and more *noir*. It was fun to work with their emotional temperament visually.

"We have the boys functioning on two levels. On the first, and most obvious, there's the immediate threat to their lives. Then there's the whole reason they were tossed into the bomb shelter in the first place—they never knew who did it. Two strangers abandoned them there and left. They never came back. That's the second mystery of the film. The first mystery leads them to the other.

Once he had completed the script, writer-director Pyun then set about luring some of the best and brightest new talent in Hollywood to visualize his nightmarish visions. Charles and Stephen Chiodo built and operated "Sniffles," the radioactive rat. Fourteen feet long, he foam-rubber covered critter had twenty-two separate functions, twelve operators prodding him into pneumatically controlled robot action, and a lively attitude that allowed him to swing 150 degrees vertically and 180 degrees horizontally while carrying an actor in his mouth.

Thank her head with explosive gel, the duo between the two Michelle Johnson as Kara Mark Michael Dudikoff as Marlowe and John Stockwell as Philip—left to right—in Radioactive Dreams.

Makeup-effects whiz Greg Cannom created mutant surfers with barnacle-covered body suits, stringy blond hair (thank you, Beach Boys!), and oversize eyes. The punk rockers turned out to be nearly zombie esque, and the villains of the piece were humanoid lizard.

Pyun strikes shyly, recalling how hairy it was to spawn a major movie on a minor budget. "We ran into some problems," he chuckles. "I think our script might have been overly ambitious for our budget. Unfortunately, in the middle of the film we weren't able to shoot a couple of really great scenes. We just didn't have the money for them.

"On the other hand, most of the people who were working for us were first-timers, so they really were busting their chops trying to get the most for the money. As a result, the movie really *looks* great. It was everyone's chance to prove something. They did.

Still, Pyun regrets losing a couple of the more wacky scenes he had penned, including one wonderful vision of mutant surfers hanging ten in an ocean that was sparkling in a dangerous, radioactive mode. That entailed dyeing a large section of the Pacific off Southern California.

"The expense of dyeing the ocean was just too much. Plus, it could only be done at one time during the day. When you dye the ocean, the chemicals react with the sun to get the right effect. We had to be there at that exact moment to get the shot.

Pyun shrugs philosophically. "Hey, it's tough. We had these problems on *The Sword and the Sorcerer* too. It's hard to do quality movies on low budgets. Both of these movies take place on other worlds. They aren't contemporary. You have to use a lot of imagination and have a lot of patience to create new worlds for little

John Stockwell (left) and Michael Dudikoff, the two post-nuke fashion plates of Radioactive Dreams.

thinkey who do not have audiences- be aware of that fact.

"A movie like *The Terminator* can deal with realistic natural locations. The time and money can then be spent on other things. We, on the other hand, were always battling reality to keep our future world looking futuristic. We couldn't show parts of contemporary Los Angeles because the movie would have looked cheap.

"Instead of shooting out in the desert- which has been done to death- we shot on volcanoes in Hawaii. That was hard. The upper locations, on the summit, were so high that we all had to take oxygen. No one could breathe. On the lower levels, we were all breathing sulfur. The ground was hot. It was horrible. The access to the areas was rough. Even the actors had to carry equipment in—and we had a giant-sized crew. You couldn't take vehicles in there.

"Theoretically, this is *not* the kind of movie you want to do on a low budget. You're always stretched so far. In one scene we had BIG extras on this punk city. Every one of them had to wear major makeup and be costumed.

"Then there was the rat. Whenever you deal with a mechanical thing, you're always risking a lot. It was trial and error with the rat. It works effectively in the picture but boy, were we lucky. We had to shoot all the rat stuff in a day. It was really scary, really hectic."

Still, Pyun's unlimited vision but limited budget and shooting schedule might have *helped* the finished film- in that most of the young actors found the kinetic feeling of the movie a real plus. "Because we shot on a lot of nights and our lighting setups were long and intricate, it was sort of a drag for the actors physically but professionally, they stayed into it.

"It was so bizarre. Every day was a new scene, a new look. And these scenes were all hard. You couldn't just float through them. It was a real challenge. Plus, I like to change lines between takes. The actors liked this a lot, although I think it threw Don Murray and George Kennedy. These are old-fashioned, total professionals. Veterans. They come on the set with everything memorized. Throw them new lines, though, and they're not sure if what's going on. They got into it, though. I think George Kennedy loved wearing his latex mask.

Currently putting the finishing touches on the film, Pyun is planning his next modestly budgeted production. He has a few ideas in mind, all of them, of course of epic proportion.

For Pyun, that's quite all right. "I love things that are larger than life. I love stories that are epique- movies that give you all the pieces of the plot but you don't become aware of them until the second half. One of my favorite films of all time is *Once Upon a Time in the West*. The first forty-five minutes of that movie, you're thinking, 'What the hell is going on?' By the end, everything ties together. Even when you don't understand things, you know that it's special.

"Right now, maybe we're trying to do too much for our money. But I think what we accomplish is preposterous. I'd rather have a noble failure than a dumb film. Something like *Once Upon a Time in the West* is another."

Would Pyun ever consider doing a Western? "As a matter of fact, I'd like to do one."

But characteristically, Pyun- major fantasist in mini-budgets- wants to do a *different* kind of Western. "It doesn't really take place in America. Most of it takes place in Europe and the East. It's a global Western.

"Somehow that makes sense.

"Now if only they could work in a horse sized rat."

— Nada

"Where's the guy that gave us that facial?" A pair of cuties from Radioactive Dreams.

THE HM FILMSTRIP

Starman Would it be a spoiler to tell you that *2001*'s extraterrestrial Dave Bowman didn't die, that something wonderful was about to happen to certain of the characters in John Carpenter's *Starman*. The singularly special effects in the opening sequence, inspired by a spooky alien-transformation treatment by American Werewolf and *Thriller*'s Rick Baker, are more invigorating than anything in the subsequent romantic adventure in Earth's something like E.T. as told by Jane Austen and Hasida Kapan's way of Carpenter's cold and brief stab at the center. But Carpenter grabs Spielberg sacchar more space table to the opera and plops him on whoopee cushion. I've never thought of John Carpenter as being any funnier than the next sucker, but he guy's ten kooky.

-SM

Zelig Was Leo Davis mad? I think he could write direct previous and gibberish paragraph *Zelig* Woody Allen's new and himself and Mia Farrow perked up his ears with cries worth coming to see. Looks phone computer hookup. And that's just what's missing from *Zelig*, a certain presence. While Richard Gallio's stellar cinematography keeps the viewer hypnotized by the bizarre hijinks and Gallo's flat and put to make you believe you'll see something that will astonish you, I was left wanting when event manager of Hayley Mills starred speaking across the screen. Maybe Woody ate enough funny brownies.

-SM

The Cotton Club Francis Coppola's long-awaited and highly unpleasant valentine to Dutch Schultz era speakeasies, peopled with a representative celebration of black talent and the jet set, might well-structured, but its heart is in Duke's and Sultry Blues winning showgirl William Kennedy's biggest screwup of his certain dressed gloss, gilt, elegant cities and curves Roman de knockout, acrobat dancer Samantha Wolf who's also the insatiably creepy Schultz' sweaty Mickey and Diane Lane are top-notch as world wise love interests and Richard Gere ego has been tolerably restrained to result in his most believable performance ever, as Coppola proves again that an ailing American director delivers more under insane, hallucinated pressure.

-Robert Morales

Night of the Comet So powerful it wiped out the dinosaurs when it ran through the neighborhood, the Comet has this time left two dippy teeny-boppers to fend off packs of hair-dyed zombies— although the girls seem more concerned with looking fabulous. Writer-director Thom Eberhardt has a real feel for pop culture and film in-jokes, and Comet is good, scary fun.

-SM

Supergirl Your first Supermovie leaves all with the same nagging, veins-bulging-at-the-neck manner as he others: cosmic catastrophes and primal crises so total you'll think you've been staring into the sun for two hours. But when Superman got to save the world, Supergirl makes good gory eyes at the hunky gardener and whines to her confederation's girls v.p. How backward is it that Geraldine Ferraro homegirls wouldn't have accepted a kick-ass Super girl. Helen Slater should have smoked Peter Jones a little, she muscles through the movie with the determined face of a bride analyst. But Faye Dunaway and Peter O'Toole deliver the kind of cruddy performances that happen only under full moons.

-SM

RAVING AND DROOLING

In the nearly three years since his death Philip K. Dick has become the center of a growing personality cult. The rumblings had started earlier—dating from at least 1975 when Paul Williams's superb profile appeared in *Rolling Stone* (the first close look at the guy himself most of us had gotten), as well as the first couple of many chapbook studies of his work. The stone was rolling, and moss started gathering. Dick's enigmatically premature demise only launched things into full-throttle "re-

The cult was formalized by the establishment of the Philip K. Dick Society, headed by literary executor Paul Williams, which serves as a gathering place for admirers ("I hesitate to use the word fans") and publishes a quarterly newsletter with news, data, and stuff from the archives (letters, journal extracts, photos, etc.). But the Society's essential function is to gain recognition and attention for Dick's work, get out-of-print writing back in the bookstores, and put never before-published stuff here as well. That mission is obviously going swimmingly, judging by the tsunami that has begun (Williams says he's trying his best to ration the flow so that all its fanatics can absorb it without going into post-Dick shock syndrome). Examinations of PKD and his work are popping up all over the goddamn place—in sf fanzines, academic journals and prestigious university presses, to the point where the guy would appear to be the most written-about sf writer in the field's short history.

Which is okay, I guess, because no two people seem to agree on what it is about the guy that's so great. Reading Phil Dick leaves you with a strange mix of emotions to sort through. His vision is an untidy one full of convoluted, contradictory ideas and impulses. It's not the usual sort of well ordered, cut-and-dried nut favored by the tight-assed majority of sf people (readers and writers alike). He fits nowhere conveniently—runs twitchingly away if he finds himself too comfortable in one place for too long—and so everyone and his word processor has his own weird take on him.

The first forty-odd pages of **Gregg Rickman**'s *Philip K. Dick: In His Own Words: Fragments West* are that author's

Phil Dick keeping an eye on us from the void

take on PKD, and I'd advise all but the most obsessive to skip it. Rickman dutifully busies himself dividing Dick's novels into three periods of activity (yawn), champions what he considers an overlooked group (a funny study could be made on what each writer's personal favorite PKD book says about his own twisted psychology—Rickman's winner is the mediocre *Counter-Clock World*) and ends up with an exposition of Dick's search for the essential human quality of caring (good enough point, shoddily presented). But the meat of the book—transcriptions of Rickman's lengthy interviews with Dick—is prime stuff. Here's the man in all his perverted glory: warm, grumpy, hysterically funny, compulsively self-contradictory, cranky, given to lunatic notions, and quite brilliant in the scope of his knowledge and the idiosyncratic ways he chose to apply it. Best of all is the preservation of Dick's loopy speech patterns, revealing at last why his characters all speak with such quirky, convoluted eccentricity—because that's the way their creator spoke, too! Two more volumes are promised; now that Dick's ideas about his work are taken care of, Rickman will move on to stuff about the strange visions that transformed the last eight years of PKD's life, and then a straight biographical tracing of his fifty-four years.

The Man Whose Teeth Were All Exactly Alike, Mark V. Ziesing, is the second of Dick's unpublished mainstream novels to see print (the first was the harrowingly hilarious *Confessions of a Crap Artist*, the last in a line of ten or so PKD turned out in the mid-to-late-fifties in the hopes of leaving the sf ghetto behind). *Teeth* is a good novel—not a great one. Lacking the characterizational precision of *Crap Artist* and the gravitational tumbling of his better sf. The novel poses its own science-fictional question. What if PKD had been born into an alternate universe where he'd succeeded as a mainstream novelist, and written no more sf after *Time Out of Joint* (1959)? Though Dick might've gotten what he wanted (and lived a less frustrating life) we would have lost things like *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, *Martian Time-*

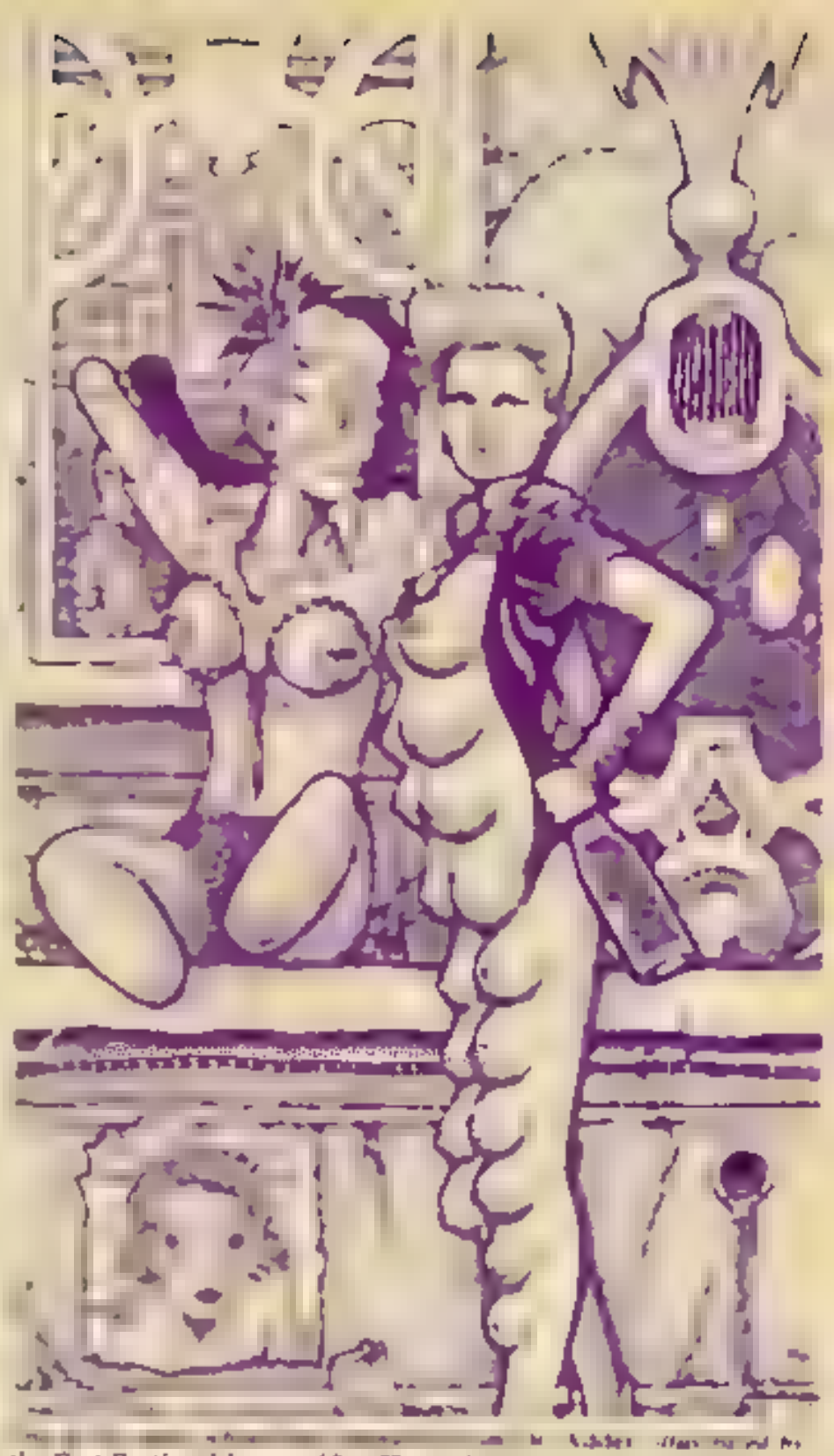
Slip, and Ubik—a truly unique trio of

There's quite a bit of Dick's fiction available at the moment, with a flapjack-load more to come. DAW has editions of the best mid-sixties to early-seventies stuff: *Three Stigmata, Ubik: A Scanner Darkly, We Can Build You, Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said,* and *A Maze of Death* (weakest of the bunch). Bluejay is in the process of issuing snazzy editions of five slightly earlier ones that are almost as good: *The Zap Gun, The Penultimate Truth, Clans of the Alphane Moon, Dr. Bloodmoney,* and *Time Out of Joint* (the last with a particularly brilliant afterword by this immodest writer), and all with great Dick-inhabited cover paintings by Barclay Shaw and frontispieces by Matt Howarth) and *The Man in the High Castle* (everyone's fave except mine). *The Unteleported Man, The Cosmic Puppets,* and *Dr. Futurity* (the last three ignorable). Still in the oven are *I Hope I Shall Arrive Soon* (Doubleday, August), previously uncollected stories; *In Milt Lumky Territory, Humpty Dumpty in Oakland* (both Dragon Press), and *Puttering About in a Small Land* (Academy Chicago). Three more of those late-fifties mainstream trunk-stuffers; to say nothing of Dream Press's planned *complete* short stories (that's a lot). Add to that the Dino De Laurentiis film of *Total Recall* (Ron Shusett and Dan O'Bannon's filmification of "We Can Remember It for You Wholesale"), gearing for pre-production with a rewritten script by director David Cronenberg (*that* one I want to see).

And if all that ain't enough, you can try *Dr. Adder* (Bluejay), K. W. Jeter's depraved and unabashedly Dickian bludgeoning of life in Southern California (Dick's favorite subject as well). I wanted very much to like this book—it's full of brilliantly twisted ideas, grossly memorable images, and chillingly prophetic bits of darkness (it was written more than ten years ago)—but I didn't like it much. The novel lacks the glandular energy and absurdly realistic logic of Dick's sf; it just meanders without drive and characters into an overly contrived ending. It's sort of the progenitor of "punk" sf, visualized quite spectacularly in Matt Howarth's massive illustrations, but its roots are really in the speculative despair of such early-seventies writers as Barry Malzberg and Robert Silverberg. It's flawed, but ultimately worth publishing. A historical note: the nameless "editorial assistant at a certain publisher" referred to in Phil Dick's afterword was me, and the words I am quoted as saying are pure fiction.

That Philip K. Dick's work will emerge as a major bit of mid-twentieth-century literary esoterica is, I have no doubt. I just wonder if anyone will ever figure the cranky old guy out.

—Lou Stathis



the Post Brothers' keeper, Matt Howarth.

DYLAN

Attention, K mart shoppers: today's post-Christmas special in the book department is **Dylan** *(Rolling Stone/Doubleday), a lavishly designed photo chronicle of everyone's favorite troubadour. It's the perfect gift for the coffee table of that Big Chiliee you forgot at Christmas. Dylan features a timely honed accompanying text by* **Jonathan Cott** *that contains quotes from Kierkegaard, Brecht, Omar Khayyam and lots of other people that you read in college back in the sixties. No matter which Dylan you relate to—folkie, pop art, folk-rock, born again, Talmud Torahed—you'll find him here. Dylan was published at $35—but it's now available at the special sale price of $27.75 in the Music (or Religion) section of the book department.*

Ladies, we're also currently having a sale in the lingerie department—Frankie Goes to Hollywood G-strings that were $15.95 are now on sale for

—Raiso Sloman

Heller

In the Old Testament it's often difficult to tell one Israelite from another. Prince Hal without a scorecard, but the delineations are mild by the day of the author of Catch 22. **God Knows** by **Joseph Heller** (Knopf) is a hilarious and touching biblical fantasy which may be redundant, and if that offends you, why are you reading [illegible] about Heller and [illegible] David? In this day of first sight of David-mania, Richard Gere was last played him in a soon-to-be-released film, and before you know it there'll be [illegible]. However, [illegible] highly [illegible] improvement in Heller's version of David. It's an early work by Miller or one of the famous battle with Goliath which is [illegible]

Robert Morales

CHASTITY

ROY CHAST Parallel Universes

[illegible]

PLANE OF THE GODS AS A MIRROR OF [illegible] MIND OR OTHER MANIFS

Inscientific Americans: Parallel [illegible] *FROM THE [illegible] OF THE [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] WHICH ONE [illegible] WORLD'S CERTAIN CHRIST DEARS ONE ANOTHER?*

[illegible] **Rock Stars** [illegible] **Bjorn & Chang**, also publishers of Playboy Playmate Stars, is a deluxe collection of mint photos, lasciviously assembled and designed by **J. C. Suares**. Serious Moonlight. But before you place Rock Stars on your coffee table, read ex-Rolling Stone editor **Timothy White's** bloodthirsty profiles in which he opens fire on the rich, the famous, and the overrated. Finally, someone has the nerve to describe Michael Jackson as someone "possessed of an awesome ignorance encompassing everything from recent political history to common table etiquette." Autopsies have never looked so [illegible]

[illegible]

C&W

John Morthland [illegible] the [illegible] guide for the layman. **The Best of Country Music** (Doubleday/Dolphin) is a fascinating tour of the history of [illegible] early string bands and balladeers, the Depression years, cowboys, Western swing, bluegrass, etc., to its modern forms: rockabilly, the Nashville or Bakersfield sounds, contemporary country). Morthland [illegible] for instance, his coverage of "countrypolitan," not one of John favorite styles, is restricted to three artists, and he playfully plugs the Okie Western Swing album he compiled. The bottom line is, John knows his stuff and this volume is a valuable reference source for those who love American music.

Michael Simmons

Long overdue, **Joanna Russ**'s uncollected stories are finally easily located in two new volumes. **The Zanzibar Cat and Extraordinary People** (St. Martin's Press) is most of Russ's earlier short work, including two deft vampire tales, a riotous tourist phrasebook to use among a certain group of aliens ("Waitress, this meal is still alive"), and her famous Nebula Award-winning "When It Changed" one of the pioneer sf stories questioning gender roles. **[illegible]** People is a collection of recent, thematically linked pieces. Beginning with the Hugo-winning novella "Souls," the book rings changes on the usual tenets of utopian sf with Russ's brightly ruthless precision. Wait for the paperback though—the St. Martin's edition has its typos and, according to its galleys, has even dropped a line from the bottom of page 130, to wit, of the long winter nights. Seventeen-year old Bob and nine- [illegible]. This service has been brought to you by

-Robert Morales

Howard Waldrop's first non-collaborative novel **Them Bones** (Ace) tackles the paradoxes of time travel and alternate universes with a sure light touch, carefully whuzzing from a devastated post-World War III future to 1930s Louisiana to—but that would be telling. Ignore the back-cover copy and read it; it's tremendous fun.

Robert Morales

Palimpsests by **Carter Scholz** and **Glen Harcourt** (Ace) has quickly gained a reputation as 1984's most difficult sf novel. Those still reading this may rest assured that Scholz and Harcourt have not pursued difficulty for the sake of torturing unwary readers—but to create [illegible] most challenging and rewarding works to emerge from the fast decade of new sf writers. Though [illegible] in a modestly portrayed 1997, Palimpsests deals primarily with the discovery of what can only be an artifact sent back from an unimaginable future to be found at an anthropological dig. Its effects on the world-views and safety of its discoverers are cunningly displayed with Pynchonesque narrative breadth and Ballardian introspection.

-Robert Morales

Nuts-and-bolts sf is alive and well written in **Lewis Shiner**'s **Frontera** (Ace). In his first novel Shiner manages to fuse the better narrative qualities of 1950s Heinlein with an inspired post-NASA sensibility to come up with the sort of hard-boiled sf plot that you'd never expect anyone to seriously attempt, let alone succeed at so convincingly: a credible near-future space adventure involving corporate warfare at a Martian settlement, and a truly [illegible] to read.

-Robert Morales

From sf's Stone Age into its present period of popularity, **Jack Williamson** has been there: apprentice journeyman master craftsman. In **Wonder's Child: My Life in Science Fiction** (Bluejay) Williamson provides an overview of his career that is certainly affable and readable, but not very revelatory in its insights into sf's history or the manner of Damon Knight's *The Futurians* or Samuel Delany's [illegible] essays, for example. Wonder Child's value lies instead in Williamson's recounting of its first quarter century or so: a vivid picture of the Old West dissolving into the twentieth century.

-Robert Morales

BABYLON

James Dean was nicknamed "The human ashtray" by some of his sexual playmates. "Rosebud" was not a sled, but a reference to a part of Marion Davies's anatomy. Tennis star "Big Bill" Tilden's mother called him "June" until he was eighteen. And Jonas Atwill let his wife move out rather than displace the fifteen-foot python from his bed.

They're all here in **Kenneth Anger**'s alternately delightful and nauseating ***Hollywood Babylon II*** (Dutton)—the good, the bad, and the perverted. Some of the revelations are visual—such as a wonderful shot of "Highway Patrol" tough cop Broderick Crawford in drag—and many are certainly apocryphal. But don't let's be picky. You have to love a book about Hollywood that begins with the salutation "Go fuck thy Suffering Self!"

Michael S. Barson

Sleaze-queen Mary Woronov on (trying how she got all those parts

THE METAL PROJECTOR

Did we speak too soon about the lack of support for *The Terminator*? Little did we know that there was already talk of the upcoming $12 million ***The Terminator II*** **Arnold Schwarzenegger** will stay on for the new, improved *Terminator* as will the original team of director-writer **James Cameron** executive producers John Daly and Derek Gibson, and producer-writer Gale Anne Hurd. Whether this will be released before or after Cameron's *Alien II* at Fox is still up in the air. **Mary Woronov** hilariously ruthless in *Eating Raoul* and *Night of the Comet*, will next be seen in two films especially suited to her talents. Mary is first a sadomasochistic punk alien leader (with "Remington Steele"'s Pierce Brosnan) in *Nomads*. Mary also gets to conduct bizarre experiments on female inmates and lock the botched jobs in her basement in ***Hellhole***. You can say that Mary hasn't trained devotedly for these parts. Did **Chris Columbus** think it would be easy tagging along with Steven Spielberg? The latter's yearly celluloid panic has replaced Memorial Day in the hearts of Americans as the kickoff to summer. Columbus barely finished writing Spielberg's June '85 ***Goonies*** (just finished shooting in Oregon with *Super*-director **Richard Donner** and Indiana Jones's sidekick Ke Huy Huan) before starting the script for *Young Sherlock Holmes* for "the Ilk Stevie wunder" at Paramount. The August movie drops in on Holmes and Watson at age sixteen, enrolled in boarding school and features lots of trademark S. S. effects. And then there's Spielberg's $15 million ***Back to the Future*** from *Romancing the Stone*'s **Robert Zemeckis**, currently in production and now scheduled for release June 2. Special effects are guaranteed to figure prominently in this story of time travel, with our central character actually running into his own parents somewhere in the past. The British filmmakers of *1984* are *not* happy with Virgin Films sticking a new soundtrack by **Eurythmics** onto the film, making it a toe-tapping traipse into totalitarianism. The soundtrack album is a smash in England and will undoubtedly attract the kiddies to the Orwell saga, but the filmmakers want to talk about artistic integrity. The Eurythmics contend that director Radford was fully aware of their participation from the beginning. What would Big Brother say? Virgin doesn't care. They say *Grow up, it's commercial.* On the subject of movie studios: there have been enough damned press releases on *Dune* to anchor down the new Columbia space shuttle. But at year's end, when we hoped to put it behind us, Universal declined to screen it for anyone outside select daily newspaper reviewers (and they were forbidden to bring a companion). Disgruntled rejected journalists wound up paying five bucks to see it, even though they probably spent more time plugging *Dune* in the past year than playing with their own children. Thus, "the most eagerly awaited science fiction event of the year" finally came to us in the form of the most uninspired tasteless publicity stunt of the decade. As part of his huge new deal with MGM/UA, **Dino De Laurentiis** is aiding and abetting two of the most downtrodden directors of our time. De Laurentiis is shelling out **Roman Polanski**, currently shooting in Tunisia (one of the few countries that wouldn't imprison him). The movie is *Pirates* and Polanski's star is **Walter Matthau**. De Laurentiis's other partner in crime is **Michael Cimino**, who, in view of *Heaven's Gate*, must be tickled pink that a producer in this day and age could be dumb enough to give him enough money to reconstruct New York City's Chinatown in the heart of North Carolina. Other New York sets for *Year of the Dragon* will be reconstructed in Vancouver, B.C. Did it occur to anyone to shoot it in New York? **John Landis**'s *Clue*, based on the board game, has shifted studios and is probably not in the immediate future, but his *Into the Night*, with Jeff Goldblum, Michele Pfeiffer, and Richard Farnsworth, is coming next month. We're told that Landis owes a lot to Hitchcock in this one. **David Geffen**'s production company pro-

pelled by the bucks from *Risky Business* has a release schedule to rival anyone around. For starters, Geffen's got the new **Martin Scorsese** picture *After Hours*, a comic horror shot in New York's Soho starring *American Werewolf*'s Griffin Dunne, Catherine O'Hara, Tim Gary, Rosanna Arquette (also coming in *Desperately Seeking Susan*), *Chud*'s John Heard and Cheech and Chong. Also due from Geffen are the new **Albert Brooks** comedy *Lost in America*, *Little Shop of Horrors* (finally?), and the long-awaited, signed sealed-and-delivered movie contract with this singer who got his start with a family act and had a moderately successful album called *Thriller* last year. Sorry, we'd rather read another press release on *Dune* than write Pipsqueak's name once more.

-Steven Maloff and Ed Naha

My Talk with Louis:

An Interview with Louis Malle

Making it in Hollywood is a fantasy shared by practically every filmmaker in the world, but few manage to cross the cultural barrier. In the last decade, the list included only three names: Milos Forman, Roman Polanski, and Louis Malle, who left his native France in 1977 to make *Pretty Baby* in the U.S.

With his fifth American film scheduled for release this May, Malle is clearly here to stay. Even if his films did not have the mass audience he was used to in France, where such blockbusters as *Murmur of the Heart*, *The Lovers*, and *Black Moon* broke house records just as they won critical raves, he has made a dent on the American film scene. His new effort, *Alamo Bay*, about the travails of Vietnamese immigrants to the U.S., stars Ed Harris and Amy Madigan and was written by Alice Arlen (*Silkwood*). It is bound to be provocative and, hopefully, controversial.

This may well delight the shy, wiry fifty-two-year-old director whose reputation as one of the pillars of the French New Wave was based not only on his consistently innovative, relentlessly experimental filmmaking, but on his determination to take nothing for granted, to disconcert a usually complacent audience. Society, whose very foundations he kept questioning, found his films shocking, even scandalous. In *The Lovers*, a 1958 picture that made Jeanne Moreau a star and which the late François Truffaut, then a critic, termed "the first flight of love in the cinema," he refused to condemn a woman for choosing a sexual adventure with a stranger over the security of a stale marriage. In *Murmur of the Heart*, he delineated with humor and wit the incestuous relationship between a mother and her teenage son. It was a send-up of the Oedipus situation, as Malle himself put it. And in *Lacombe, Lucien*, he focused his lenses on a young collaborator and his affair with a Jewish girl in German-occupied France.

His characters retain an enigmatic edge. Malle, the man, isn't easy to pin down either. Intensely passionate, he tends to speak to himself with a measure of self-deprecation. And yet he's aware of his importance. He is alert and curious, but his eyes often shift away from a visitor so as not to reveal too much. His penchant for ellipsis, so evident in his work, is also part and parcel of his character. He hunches forward in his chair in an office in Manhattan, never relaxing fully. He is not

from Alamo Bay

exactly exuberant but as Philippe Noiret, who appeared in his *Zazie* once said, "His constant reserve hides a warmth much more precious than the false cordiality so common today."

Like his characters, Malle is a loner. He never belonged to the New Wave clique of Godard and Truffaut nor did he take part in the ardent discussions they used to hold. He preferred to sneak into movie houses like a thief. He considers it a solitary pursuit and pleasure. Even today, married to actress Candice Bergen and living in Manhattan, he has resisted becoming a celebrity. His personal life has not become a topic for gossip columnists. Even if he introduced Brooke Shields to American audiences and made a star of Susan Sarandon in *Atlantic City*, the man's primal concern was not the creation of feminine vogues but his craft.

He's a man in search of himself. Sarandon, with whom he was in it for three years, has said. He makes his own world and "we" are still exactly what that world is. It usually people stop looking for the time they're forty-eight. It is to his credit that he's still so curious.

The son of sugar heiress Françoise Béghin Malle he ran away from home at seventeen, replacing the rigid Catholicism he'd been raised on him with Communism. At nineteen he co-directed with Jacques Yves Cousteau his first of uncle-made photographs, *The Silent World* (1956) and also worked as assistant to Robert Bresson on *A Man Escaped* and its cinematography on Jacques Tati's *Mon Oncle*. He later acknowledged these *eminences grises* as the main influences on him, the former is eloquently somber, the latter somberly comic.

Dan Yakir

HM: You've been living and working in America for seven years now. Do you feel different about it now than you did then?

LM: Not really. I'm still fascinated and sometimes irritated by it. It's the very intriguing mixture of mass culture patterns that I see in it. When I went to New Orleans to shoot *Pretty Baby*, it seemed to me that the suburbs there weren't any different from those in Chicago or Seattle.

"I have to keep a part of my life open to unexpected encounters."

There's this very strong and uniform "fast food culture" or "the blue jeans culture" on the one hand, and on the other there's an incredible diversity. I've spent a lot of time here and I feel I know the place, but at the same time I'm aware of the fact that my background is very different, which makes me look at America from a certain distance and maybe from a slightly distorted angle, helping me notice the contradictions inherent in the place. It's the privilege of being an outsider, although if you're too much of one you risk not really what's going on or ending up with clichés.

HM: Do you still feel like an outsider?

LM: I suppose so. I'm a very curious observer and what keeps me motivated, what whets my appetite in the process of trying to sort out the difference between America and Europe. When it's time it's starts declining, I'll have to decide whether to become a U.S. citizen or pack and go back to Europe. I don't know which way I'll go, but I sense that there will be a moment when I'll just stop being a foreigner. I might consider staying here even if eventually stopped making films, because I couldn't work without curiosity. On the other hand, I'm perfectly happy here.

HM: What would you do if you didn't make films?

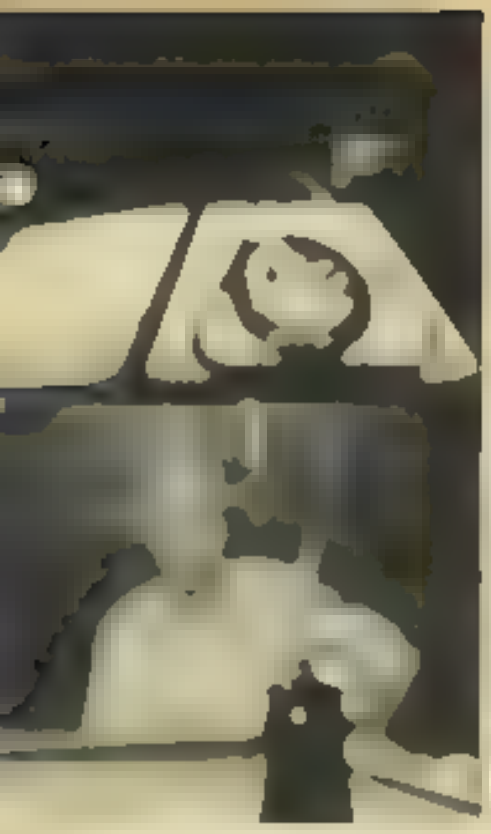
LM: I suppose I would write.

HM: Why did you decide to live in America in the first place?

LM: Because I was stuck in France. In terms of my work, I'm not saying that European culture is on the decline, but I think that there are more things going on here. The audience in Europe is disillusioned and rejects anything that provokes one to think or that makes one uncomfortable. Here society is much more flexible, open. For me, New York is by far the capital of the world in terms of creativity.

HM: How did the French react to your defection?

LM: In the beginning, they thought it was just a provocation and they were irritated. But they found out it was a true love story and I feel they've withdrawn most of it. When I was there for the opening of *Atlantic City*, the interviewer for *Le Figaro* opened his article with the words: "Louis Malle still speaks



French." This is their attitude. Anger and resentment. The French take for granted that if you have a choice, there's nothing better than France.

HM: And how did Hollywood welcome you? Was filmmaking here compatible with your style and temperament?

J-LG: The movie industry in this country is totally mass-oriented. I have nothing against blockbusters and I would love to have a huge hit, but I disagree with the notion that if you don't have a blockbuster you're nothing. The industry follows recipes and clichés borrowed from American television, which, to s[illegible] he least, sometimes is a very poor [illegible]. When they have a film which is a little bit different and doesn't quite address everybody, they don't know what to do.

The pictures I made in this country were marginal for the most part: with *Pretty Baby* they let me go to New Orleans for four months and forgot about me. *Atlantic City* was a Canadian tax-shelter deal. On *Crackers*, which I made for Universal, often felt there was a heavy, industrial approach on the shoot. I'm not used to that. I'm used to working lighter, faster. On the sound stages at Universal, there were twenty productions going on at the same time—it was like a factory. I'm not used to having many people on the set. I like to take chances. A couple of times, I felt very nervous. I didn't feel the excitement that I like to feel and that I have always felt.

HM: Does that mean that you've had to compromise?

J-LM: The cinema is the art of compromise and there are no exceptions to the rule. Everybody will tell you that, if they're honest, from Renoir to all the American directors. I'm one of the few who compromised very little, almost for technical reasons because, like other members of the New Wave, I was lucky enough. The first pictures of directors like Godard, Truffaut, Chabrol, and me were very successful, so they gave us a free hand. If you're successful, everyone thinks you're beautiful, a genius. A number of New Wave directors ran into trouble very quickly because they couldn't sustain their commercial success. I was lucky, managed to be my own producer almost all the way through, which gave me freedom just as it imposed budgetary limitations on me. I don't intend to compromise. I prefer [illegible].

HM: It seems to me that this is precisely what you've been doing so far. In terms of style, each of your films is different, a [illegible].

J-LG: It's very easy for me to fit into the auteur theory, to make films that will be immediately recognizable as mine. That's a temptation I've been trying to resist. I hate to repeat myself. I like to provoke the audience, to force people to rethink a number of things they've taken for granted.

HM: Where does this need come from?

J-LG: We live in a world of formulas, of brainwashing—the world of mass media. If I have a function, it's to make people worry about the ready-made thinking they deal with. This sounds a little pompous, perhaps, but the function of art is to create [illegible] ask questions. The art form of our civilization is advertising. People get answers all the time: "This is a [illegible]ab!" or "This detergent is the [illegible]." It's not surprising that a lot of artists are using it as a metaphor, as a statement about the self-destructive period in which we live. People like Andy Warhol used advertising—the fact that it has corrupted every moment of our lives. I don't stand for that. I believe we have to [illegible] put ourselves to the side, look at society and ask certain questions.

"We live in a world of formulas, of brainwashing—the world of mass media."

HM: But you never offer answers.

J-LG: If you go to India and spend ten years with a guru, he'll never tell you the answer. There is no such thing as an answer—it's for you to figure out for yourself. And you find out that there is no answer. At a certain point in one's level of wisdom, this is enough. When you get to the point where the answer is the question, you've succeeded. But I suppose I've been influenced by India all along without even noticing it. What I like about it is that it's a country devoid of preconceived ideas about anything. It's completely irrational and, in that sense, very much on the side of life and really what our biological being is all about. Rather than forcing ourselves to do things we shouldn't do just for the benefit of security, wealth, or a longer life span, Claude Lévi-Strauss said, "The only two goals of Western society are the augmentation of the GNP and having a longer life. It's not a very exciting society." So I suppose my films are often about people who realize that and are in a moment of crisis and usually get stuck because it's difficult to escape.

HM: In your early pictures, your characters reach total despair and sometimes end up dead.

J-LG: Yes, I've changed my point of view about death. When I was younger, I was very influenced by my Christian background and death seemed something horrible—the cessation of life. In our religion, there's a lot of blackmail about death that you have to deal with. People behave in a certain way, thinking that whatever happens after death is terrifying. Now I think that death is something quite natural and we shouldn't look at it with anger or fear. I'm quite prepared to die. I'm happy to live, I have things to do, but I'm not worried about death. In some of my early pictures, death was a dramatic element. Now I look at it as a part of life. I'm more influenced by this cyclical vision of time, which is a basic Indian notion.

HM: And now your films are less pessi[illegible].

J-LG: Maybe they're not exactly optimistic, but the characters at least accept their fate. When I was younger, I fought against the heavy, terrible education that I received and it took me a long time to get rid of the sense of guilt, which is the absolute power of this society. It took me years and years and it still comes back sometimes. I used to hate my pictures. For years I couldn't stand looking at them. Now I don't hate them anymore. I watch them. It's probably because I used to hate myself. Since my experience in India I realized that it was stupid—self-hate is meaningless.

HM: Why did you hate yourself? Did it have to do with your aristocratic background? And if so, was filmmaking a way of getting out of it, of rebelling?

J-LG: Yes. When I was eighteen, all I could think about was how to get out of this background that I was ashamed of. I felt that coming from a wealthy family was a sin. I was very puritanical about it. Of course it's absurd: you are who you are and it's nothing to be ashamed—or proud—of. Now it makes me laugh when I think of how uptight I was about it. When my first feature, *Elevator to the Gallows*, won the Prix Louis Delluc, the story was out that I was the son of a sugar heiress—I was furious. I felt that I was robbed of something. I wanted to be recognized only for what I personally was. In retrospect, my background gave me an independence of mind and means to always do what I wanted.

I've had a very weird career because

I've always followed my curiosities without considerations about money or success. [illegible] went to India for six months to shoot [illegible] quite played by the rules. I've always managed to do what I wanted, one way or another. And I've taken a lot of chances. When someone would tell me, "It's absurd, Louis, you can't make a film out of *that*! You're going to *destroy* yourself!" it was a [illegible] it. That was the case with *Exotic Black Moon*, and *My Dinner with André*. A film about two people talking in a restaurant for [illegible] not a film! Have them publish it or do it on [illegible] flashbacks. I made the movie and it exists as a film. It was a movie completely outside the industry—nobody would finance it. We shot it for $500,000, and nobody got paid. I suppose had I been a Hollywood director I wouldn't have done it.

HM: In some of your films, you've used elements such as sex and violence as liberating factors: incest in *Murmur of the Heart*, murder in *Elevator to the Gallows*, adultery in *The Lovers*, prostitution in *Pretty Baby*.

LM: [illegible] violence is a different matter. I think the audience is increasingly manipulated. It's [illegible] with special effects, with blood and machine guns and holes in the chest and slow and fast motion. I find all of these clichés very boring. Sex films are on their way out; they've become part of a very [illegible] and more used to violence and distributors worry if you bring them a film without violence. It's insane.

In *Pretty Baby*, I'm fond of the fact that [illegible] that's in a film that takes place almost [illegible] where you take for granted that the number-one activity is sex, so why show it? In my previous work, I had to deal with explicit material: the lovemaking scene in the tub in *The Lovers*, which was so shocking in those days, was essential because through it you saw the transformation of that woman, played by Jeanne Moreau. I couldn't pan to the [illegible]

In that film, sex and adultery offered liberation from a stale, lifeless marriage. But I've changed my mind about what freedom is about. When I was younger, I thought there should be no social [illegible] and had to be fought against. The characters in my first films were very romantic in the sense that they were fighting society as all one and it would usually end up in death or loneliness. They [illegible] the herd. But now it seems to me that you [illegible]

HM: You once described your characters as marginal.

LM: If they aren't, they become marginal at some point in the story. In this society—unlike in India—it's very difficult to be a dropout—there's a subtle pressure aimed at [illegible] *Thief of Paris* was very much a story about a man who puts himself outside and becomes a rebel, a thief—he's fighting [illegible] successful businessman who joins the [illegible] was my own story as well: I started life very aggressively, wanted to change society, make films and fight, and realized that if I continued in that vein, I [illegible] to break the pattern, stop making fiction films for a while and go to India. I'm determined never to let my motivation be the same as that of the people I'm dealing with. I feel very strongly about my individuality.

"Behind reality there's something else, and we're looking for it."

[illegible] among marginal characters of different racial origins, but it's a bit idealized?

LM: Yes, but it's idealized because it's stylized. It was an attempt to assemble an improbable bunch of characters in San [illegible] the evolution of their relationships and friendships in a comic way. I discovered there a strong sense of community and friendship: these Latinos, Irish, blacks [illegible] during the economic crisis of 1982. [illegible] black pimp, but when you see him constantly carrying his child around, I love these characters. They have dignity and aren't [illegible] describe vulgarity in America, [illegible] probably make a picture about corporate life and executives, that's where I find real vulgarity.

HM: If *Crackers* is about what America [illegible] *Atlantic City* is about what it shouldn't be but is?

LM: The two aren't entirely different, but *Atlantic City* isn't a comedy. It's about Vietnamese immigrants who move into a [illegible] of the social ladder, but the locals consider them a threat to their economic survival and war starts out. It's really because of a

communication gap there are cultural differences and dual incomprehension. They are new and everything new is threatening. The film gets very violent—it's about the violence which is always under the surface here.

HM: What appealed to you about this story?

LM: This country is made up of immigrants and I wanted to tell about the last wave of immigrants, the problems they have and the violence they face before melting in the pot. It's an interesting character study without good vs. bad guys. Obviously, the Vietnamese are victims of discrimination and violence, but the Anglos aren't dealt with as monsters. I don't know how to do that.

HM: Most of the films you made in France contain a fascination with adolescence and the rite of passage into adulthood. Why is this important to you?

LM: I'm interested in characters on the verge of a crucial moment, a crisis, just before their moment of truth. And to me adolescence is maybe *the* moment of truth [illegible].

Today, society is much less stable than it was in the Middle Ages. Now things change more over a period of twenty years than they used to in five centuries. In periods of slow change, children were provided with a moment to experiment. Up to the twentieth century, if you were the son of a peasant, you would become a peasant yourself. Artisans would go on tours around the country to learn their trade; society found it necessary to provide adolescents with a moment to experiment before they were to return to it as members. Today the cut is much more abrupt and traumatic.

In my case, the years between twelve and fifteen were absolutely crucial. There were two central events in my youth. One was the war in 1944, when I was eleven, and a lot of traumatic things happened to me and I remember that period vividly—more so than the rest of the 1940s and 1950s. Then I had a heart murmur, which necessitated that I stay at home and work on my own. I was alone, reading a lot. It was difficult because I was supposed to be sick and didn't know what would become of me. I was not supposed to do any physical activity. I was very sheltered. So I started looking around me curiously. Obviously I'm interested in that period.

And when you become an adult, you discover corruption: the importance of money, of social structures, the inability to achieve what one wants, and the fact that, for all these reasons, every adult has a double language. You have to compromise, say things you don't really mean, deal with [illegible].

HM: A bedridden boy with flights of fantasy.

LM: Yes, and it comes up in my films. In *Viva Maria*, for example, I attempted a parody on adventure films, two girls going through Central America and getting involved in the Revolution. It's an homage to children's literature, an attempt to reinvent the amazement of my childhood. *Black Moon* is like that, too: the idea that the world doesn't exist, that reality is a dream. It's structured like a myth and is a direct reference to the *Ramayana*.

HM: How do you come up with projects?

LM: It usually starts with one or more images. Something like a photograph, a shape; it's never an abstract notion, a [illegible] with the vision of that little girl in the middle of the "action," at night, going down the staircase of the whorehouse with her hand on the banister. It's very naive but I had that image in my head for a long time. *Zazie* was this tiny little girl in the middle of the Parisian traffic, looking around and getting in trouble with every possible adult. And *Black Moon* started with the image of the old lady in bed: it was a fantasy about a woman being almost immortal and ruling the world from this bed, communicating via a weird radio system. And also the old convention of the fairy tale, the little girl walking alone in the landscape and entering the empty house.

"If I were to describe vulgarity in America, I would probably make a picture about corporate life and executives...."

Do you like Lewis Carroll?

Oh, yes. He certainly influenced me. Many times I was tempted to deal with *Alice in Wonderland* in a more obvious way than I had done in films like *Zazie* and *Black Moon*. But I don't think I'll do justice to my interest in him and his writing just by filming one of his books. There is a very interesting one called *Sylvie and Bruno*. It's a world which is totally double-faced. There are several levels, the real, the dream world of these children, and how they invent the people surrounding them in a completely different way. I'm very turned on by this way of looking at the world—that behind reality there is something else, and we're looking for it.

HM: And where do you draw the line between art and life?

LM: When I work, I work. I'm totally concentrated and have no private life. But in between films, I try to live my life. For me life is more important than films, which is why I've made so few pictures. I envy and at the same time don't—directors who make two pictures a year, who never stop because I know what is going on with them. They cut themselves completely from the real world and live in the fictitious world of studios, crews, distributors and deals, and it's a very small world: there's no fight in it. What I'm trying to do—and it slows me down a lot—is take time between films. I have to keep a part of my life open to unexpected encounters. ■

CHAIN MAIL

Just read the [illegible] interview [illegible] enjoyed it tremendously. I agree with [illegible] about vampires being parasites on society—there's no need for them. But carrying a grudge I say it's time to blow away the evils that spoil our society. And thank goodness that "there are [illegible] people who [illegible] how to read than know how to [illegible] (*that an your run blow them away, eh?*—*ts*)

[illegible]
Raleigh, NC

Dear *HM*

While I've never cared for Tin Tin [illegible] strip-off style's a delight. "A Sedina Ballet" (November, and "Enslaved by the Needle" (December), and Toronto [illegible] with Craig is also pleasing ("Triton"). "The Hunting Party" has been rather amusing—a talking heads story that maintained interest—but it's now starting to drag. Good to see Schuiten back in his own terrain after the tedious [illegible]

I am also very [illegible] Mahon's "Author Search [illegible] going to be in *HM*. Though I have [illegible] his output from the last eight years, viewing him as Europe's best writer [illegible]. my French is weak and my [illegible] inconsistent. It'll be interesting to see the U.S. response. *HM*'s readers are in for a [illegible] interesting seven months with Giraud-Moebius on his first adventure [illegible].

I liked the text pieces in the [illegible] incarnation, but a fair percentage of the current run has been of interest. However, I wish reviews, interviews, back issue ads [illegible] could be put on the rough stock paper, saving the slick for the art. (*Notice anything new in that department?*—*ts*)

In response to the November Chain Mail: How heartening it must be to read letters written by your fans, and then to wonder if their vocabularies and perceptions are representative of all those one appeals to. Actually, the heavy metal fans I know are bright—and consider Motley Crue to be wimps who [illegible] tough guy pipes are [illegible]

Patrick Cosgrove
Van Nuys, CA

Dear [illegible] readers

Once again I feel obliged to take crayon in hand and write to you, this time concerning the poor quality of the Russian calligraphy in "The Hunting Party." The only reason I buy *HM* is to brush up on my Russian, but there is little point if [illegible] rendered it unintelligible.

[illegible]
scribbling
Memphis, TN

Dear [illegible]

You really do suffer some two-faced readers (lookers?) complaining about the content of *HM*—a prime example being D. Regen (August Chain Mail) who, in one breath, says good riddance to "Ranxerox" and "Slaamppho," "El Borbah" etc., and, without so much as choking on his words, says "Keep on stretching our imaginations as only *HM* can." May I take this opportunity to remind some people that on the front cover of every issue of *HM* is the word "Illustrated." I wonder if Regen has [illegible] the [illegible]. On the [illegible] he wants to throw out, Alpha, the same ones, if he could keep his eyes off the T&A for half a moment, he might notice things like Richard Corben putting for paper! About the only [illegible] I've ever seen do this, and to full color! From his letter, Regen obviously likes realism in illustration—maybe a surface to him, why don't you dig up Norman Rockwell to do a full-blown, four-color "El Borbah"? It becomes an interesting exercise to imagine the direction a publication like *HM* might take with characters like Regen at the helm. No doubt the cry "Full steam ahead" would ring out from the gallant crew on the bridge, even though the rocks dead ahead were clearly visible.

To use the old (but true) line: keep up the good work (and suffer the two-faced with compassion).

Terry Fowler
Roseville, New South Wales, Australia

(Thanks for the good words, Terry, but actually I plan to suffer the two-faced not at all anymore—I'm hanging up my spikes as an editor and reader-impaler. It's been fun, but greater things beckon. I'll be moving back to the bachelor writer's quarters and leaving the ersatzies of editing Dossier and Chain Mail to Steven Maleff. But I will continue to write in the off-colored pages.
Art[illegible]

An Author in Search of Six Characters

by Milo Manara

ARE YOU REALLY SURE WE HAVE TO TAKE THE PLANE TO ETHIOPIA
YES I THINK SO
" I AM IN TRUTH WITH DEEP SINCERE FEELING UNDERTAKEN TO RESTORE HIM TO HIS PRIMITIVE STATE OF BEING OR THE SUN "
WHAT'S THAT FROM?
RIMBAUD
WELL THAT'S IT NO MORE GAS NO MORE MONEY NO MORE NOTHING WHAT SHALL WE DO?
LET'S TRY TO GET TO THE OASIS WE LOVE RIGHT HERE IF WE DON'T
Mister
MISTER
MISTER MISTER
MISTER ROGERS
MISTER MISTER
MISTER MISTER
BUT THERE IS

HEY
WHAT HELLO
GO TO SOMEONE ELSE FOR ONE
IT'S CRAZY THEY'RE ALL PUSH
DIRTY PIG
SISTER
ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS GO BACK TO WAGE COUGH
NO, NO WAVE TO FIND THIS GANGSTAR MAN
WELL, DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY
BUT BET YOU, YOU'D KNOW WHAT TO DO AM RIGHT?
R YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW IF WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO IF WERE A NO MAN IT DO HAPPENS THAT IN MY PREGNANT INCARNATION I'M NOT STRICTLY THE TRUCK DRIVER'S TYPE!
ARE YOU GOING TO PUSH ME STRAIGHT INTO HIS ARMS WITH NO SECOND THOUGHTS?
I'M NOT PUSHING YOU I'M ONLY TELLING YOU WHAT WOULD DO IF WAS A WOMAN
SISTER
COME ON LET'S DO FIND AWAS COUGH THESE PLANS ARE TOO IMPORTANT LET'S GO
SISTER
SISTER SISTER
SISTER
AH YOU STOP BEING A PAIN IN THE ASS FOR GOD'S SAKE!
SISTER SISTER
OU LOU PLEASE ARE YOU? LOU LOU?

TOUMP TOUMP
OPEN IMMEDIATELY YOU DIRTY SCRALLY !
SO SORRY, OFFICER.
YOU TAKE SMALL WALK YA ?
OH !!
MISTER MISTER
MISTER MISTER

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/MAY '77: Ransom astronauts. Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival and more

#2/JUNE '77: Moorcock's Rock Hero, Jughead's greatest Shuffle by gathering of Heroes, World Apart, Morrison, Arthur Books more

#3/JULY '77: Tales of Morrison Warlock. The only Interview you'll ever Glimpse of Vampire

#5/AUGUST '77: Poisoner by gates. The only Interview you'll ever Glimpse and World Apart and Chris Gothier

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moorcock a space opera plus more World Apart Jim and Pohlman

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moorcock's "Airlight Garage," "Dust" and "Pohlman" back again

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison Fiction 9 other pages in Moorcock and Reinhold, exclusives for Pohlman and World Apart

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Wuzz," by Donald E. Westlake's Kinsel, by Langton and Wuzz plus full-color cartoon Moorcock Gaughran and Morrison

#10/JANUARY '78: The Morrow Illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Richard update Ulysses "Conquering Armies" concludes. "Dust" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: The New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino plus Moorcock and Arthur

#12/MARCH '78: The Gorgo Morrow's troubleshooting Thrash debuts more Barbarella Jim and Jon

#13/APRIL '78: The star for animated wars issue! A 40 page story from Paradise 9 Barbarella gives birth while Jon is up to!

#14/MAY '78: Jim the Mad wars by Joe Jon Orion and Barbarella makeover and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: The Corben introduces Shakespeare and Morgan's doom. More than Human is Alive and more "Barbarella," and the origins of Heinlein

#16/JULY '78: The A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1984 resumption of Druillet's Yragael Jones Heinlein Jim More than Human and Corben's Arabian Nights

#17/AUGUST/SEPTEMBER '78: The Entertainment F Rowena Illustrated Edgar Corben debut of Mythos 9a Beautiful and So Dangerous

#18/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Science Fiction Epic more Smallhall Universe dated Major Cube's Heroic Fantasy Jones Jim more

#21/DECEMBER '78: The Jupiter stock bag's full with "Orion." Kirchner's Tarot and 12 beautiful pages of Morrison

#22/JANUARY '79: Prime debuts and Druillet concludes Count plus Mythos and Arthur

#23/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic Starstream Corben's Smallhall Mythos 9a Beautiful and So Dangerous

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin plus along Beetle's The Stars My Destination Magazines" II" and Ellison's late show.

#25/APRIL '79: Cara death duels with New Ark Inn plus Mythos Sandman Graphic Jones graphic. Bodé more

#26/SEPTEMBER '79: Jim Buck Rogers a brand named Flash and Druillet Yragael alongside Moorcock and Morrison

#27/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Morrison Perkins Druillet Sandman others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's Hunk Bode's Zodiac Hogarth's Jim Chaykin's The Stars My Destination Moebius and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from and Corben's beloved Sandman Mythos Jones Moebius and those plus Gaughan and Giants

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An error Gaughan cover adorns this issue! Corben's The Beast of Wolfbane begins Mythos experiments with the Air Pump and we join Marc Hamworth on a razed world trap

#36/MARCH '80: Who did The Cerement take Jeannette Read the Schuiten strip! Plus Corben, Mobius Moebius and Jo Morrow and Sala/Jones

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue! 52 pages of Chaykin Jones in living nine Druillet installment of Mythos A Knight Gaughan plus Corben Beast Hamworth Arthur Bode and more

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Cale ever find out? Will Champalaou reach the Citadel of Jade? Will Joe Sinclair ever reach the glass Martian sea

#39/JUNE '80: Champalaou meets his fate while Captain Sternn saves the day. Angel in the Living Wallpaper vs. Earth

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with Salamander, while Mythos concludes Sheer Luxor and more unreviewed. Bilal continues "Feng man!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal Progress picks up steam. Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner Len Gaughan and more gifts shorts while Mark Operas gets stranger

#43/APRIL '81: Mick Roberts Blood and Guitars a Comic-Book Soldier Tigers Not Jim Morrow from London and an interview with Jules Roberts

#44/MAY '81: Premiere of a fun hero Cindy Sherman and Bilal's The Immortals Part Plus Sandman's The Doll Bridge and William S. Burroughs on immortality

#45/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, an Alexander adaptation of Ireland premieres Hourglass Changes winds up Plus and Chaykin Crepax and Workman

#46/NOVEMBER '81: Seymour's Egg of the World Jeff Jones Sargeiles and Bilal all feature the art of Lee and Dave Gibbons beautifully

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arzach Fractal Man #2 and Gibbons and The Subterranean Man all surrounded by Bilal and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko

#59/FEBRUARY '82: Jo further adventures of John Difool in The Incal Light Warp and Mathers Corben must get going again Plus Fernandez Jones Schuiten

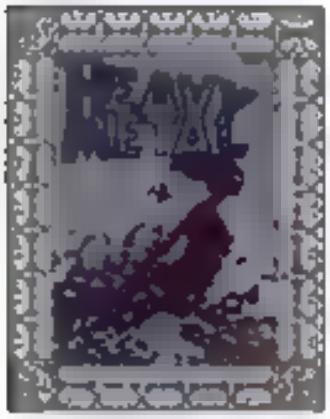
#60/MARCH '82: And Special Rock Issue featuring Jack Marcos's A walk in the Dark a surrealistic look at the life of John Cooper Lots Cyberpunk Novel begins Plus Mercenary Den "Rock Opera" etc

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material What with Jacobus Druillet Morrow, Bilal and an essay on J. G. Ballard you'll be busy until next fall!

#62/MAY '83: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of Dick Schoenherger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '83: Fantastic Cities issue with articles from Cargo Art Berlin and R. Crumb on all the reminders by regulars Wrightson, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '83: Moebius and Lo present a strange tale of the future and pages from Corben's Nightmare Journey. Plus letters, Caputo and Orzello.



#65/AUGUST '83: [illegible] and Wrightson [illegible] Work Show and Plus and Manara. The Ages. Plus the finale of "The Incal" saga by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '83: Hecht's "Homo-Video Insertion" [illegible] "Barroom" and Bilal's "Object." Plus new regulars Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '83: Heavy Metal issue. Heavens after reading our special heavy metal section. Everything from Judge Dredd to the wonderful glossy pages possible. Plus: read a chapter P.S. from part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '83: Part 1 of Kubert's "Abortrack." Paulina's Box Set and [illegible] continues as does "Den II" and Druillet [illegible] regular. Plus: a peek at Wrightson's "Bernie" [illegible] Ken Kesey.

#69/DECEMBER '83: A Wild Winter Edition: the return of Jean Giraud, Moebius, and Mark Beyer to Native New York. Plus: Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '84: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Frank Thorne" a look at The Dark Crystal and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '84: The making of the film *The Dark Crystal*, Kim Deitch's Boody Rex and regulars Corben, Kubert, Caputo, etc.

#72/MARCH '84: We bid a fond farewell to Dan and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kubert and more.

#73/APRIL '84: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sienkiewicz's "The Odyssey," along with Kubert, Corben, and Workman.

#74/JUNE '84: Corben's "Dracula" the end of [illegible]'s "The Man from Harlem" and a peek at the [illegible] "across the Sky" [illegible]

#75/JULY '84: Silverberg's Sanctuary, the end of Kubert's "Sinkstruck" [illegible] the new [illegible] [illegible] with Jean Giraud and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#76/AUGUST '84: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earth" [illegible] debuts. Corben's "A Matter of" [illegible] and Adrian Barthorpe is interviewed all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt [illegible]

#77/SEPTEMBER '84: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusion of "Arzach" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#78/OCTOBER '84: Timothy Leary, Luke Rilla, Pope Mooney, Walter Hill, Starlin and Barbara Kruger's great cover.

#79/NOVEMBER '84: A special talk with Will Eisner along with a Spirit story. Plus: Corben's "Valentina the Pirate" Caputo.

#80/DECEMBER '84: Kurtzman, Severin and Vaughn Bode' issue in the works. Artist Liberation is interviewed. Lots more!

#81/JANUARY '85: Part one of David Black's vampire romance. Plus Ramoon in New York and a peek at Arthur Clarke's The Sea Raiders.

#82/FEBRUARY '85: Douglas Trumbull talks, John Difool returns. And David Black's My Vampire comes to an end.

#83/MARCH '85: Thompson Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ramoon ends his New York adventure.

#84/APRIL '85: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in Thunder and Boris Vallejo on the cover.

#85/MAY '85: The Ballroom by Glen Ramoon ends and The Third [illegible] summary. Plus new [illegible] in the pages of our

#87/JUNE '85: Steve Gerber talks about Legend Man "Lamia" and The Haunting Party get started.

#88/JULY '85: Long interview with honeymoon John Cleese and Jerry Lewis. Long-suppressed art finally released.

#89/AUGUST '85: Paul Kantner: *Starship* Captain, Penelope Spheeris, Confessions of Punk, Evil Nights, Grand Writers of Short Movies.

#90/SEPTEMBER '85: The Second Annual HM Movie Video Issue. Joe Dante interviews director Cronenberg. Plus Dreamer Corbben directed Jim Steranko is interviewed.

#91/OCTOBER '85: The HM interview with director John Carpenter, also design by and Invitation and Bilal continue.

#92/NOVEMBER '85: Schuiten begins [illegible] and Paul Kirchner gives us some [illegible] Plus: shock director John Waters talks us about his [illegible] in the *HM* interview.

#93/DECEMBER '85: *1984* hits with a Federico Pellini interview and a Boris Vallejo Gallery. Plus, Manara's "Another" gets to work.

#94/JANUARY '86: Interview with director Wolfgang Petersen. Silverberg presents his latest "San Diego." And yet another Moebius tale.

#95/FEBRUARY '86: Russell Mulcahy, Rock video's prominent director talks about his new movie *Razorback*. Also: Jack Kirby is interviewed and "Trina" concludes.

Beautiful Monsters

For $9.95 you get a video rental [illegible] with a romance of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or, the more sophisticated black [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] through the months of 1985, 1986, and 1987 are $9.95. Be early as supplies

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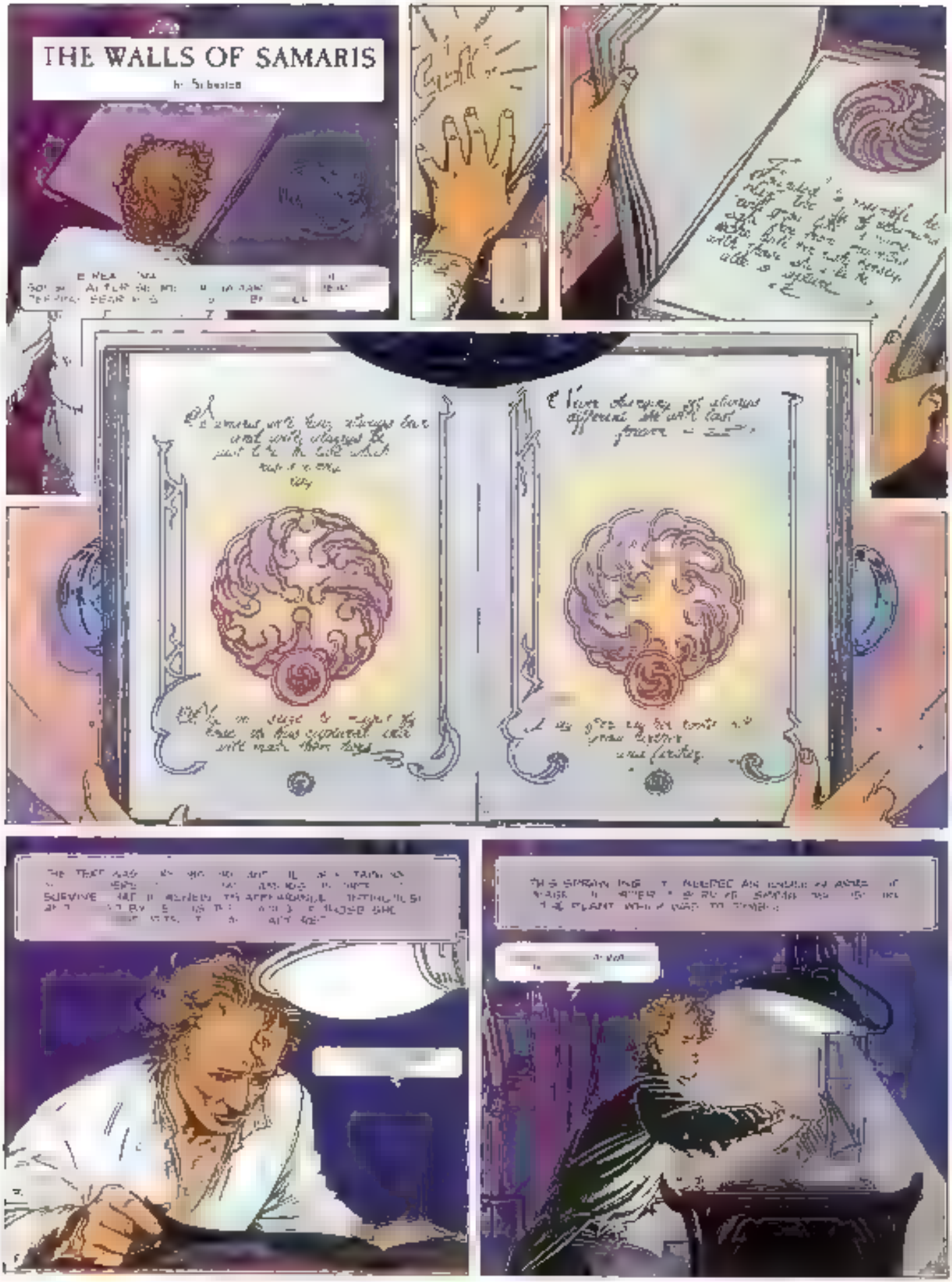
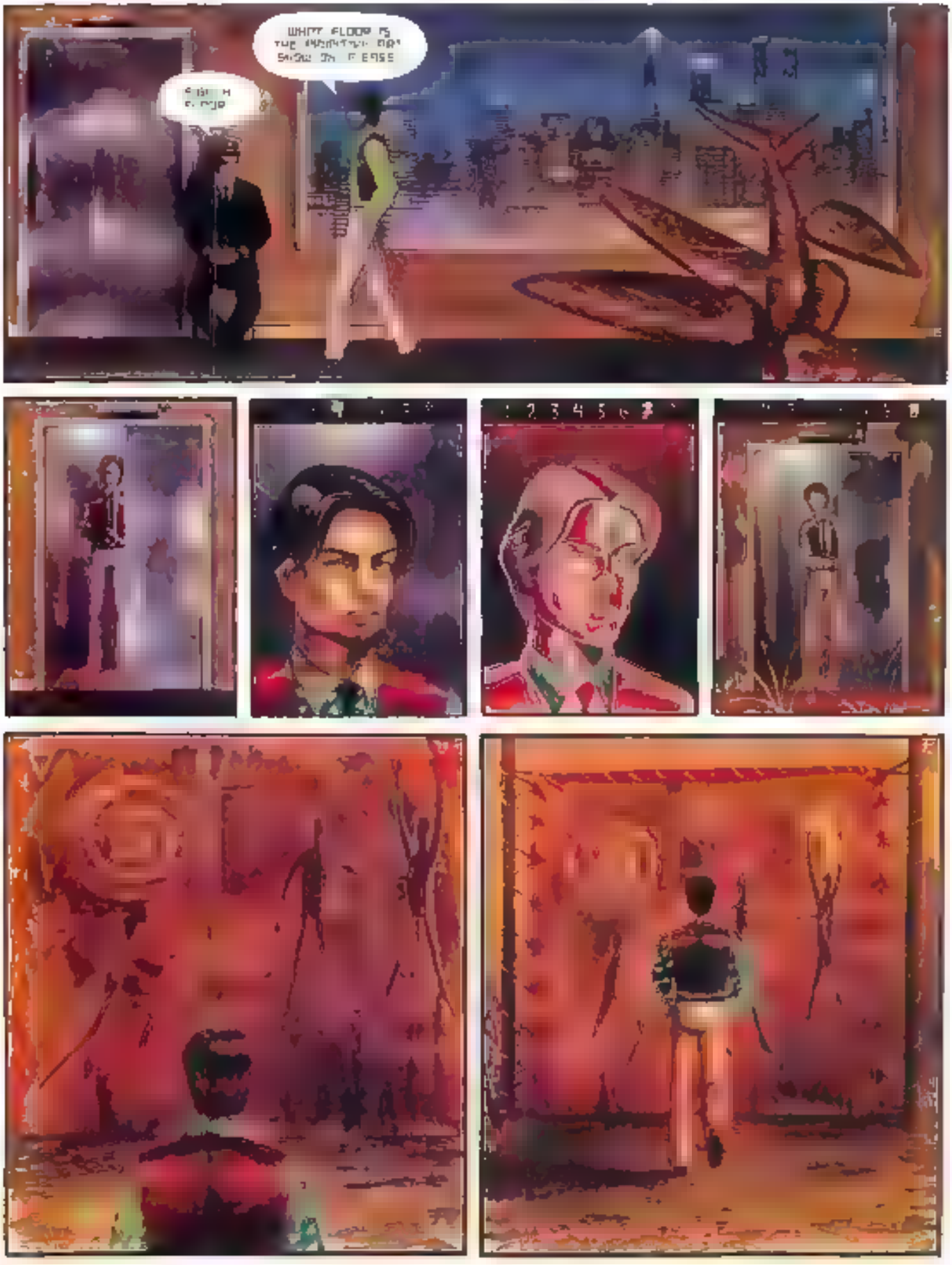

THE WALLS OF SAMARIS

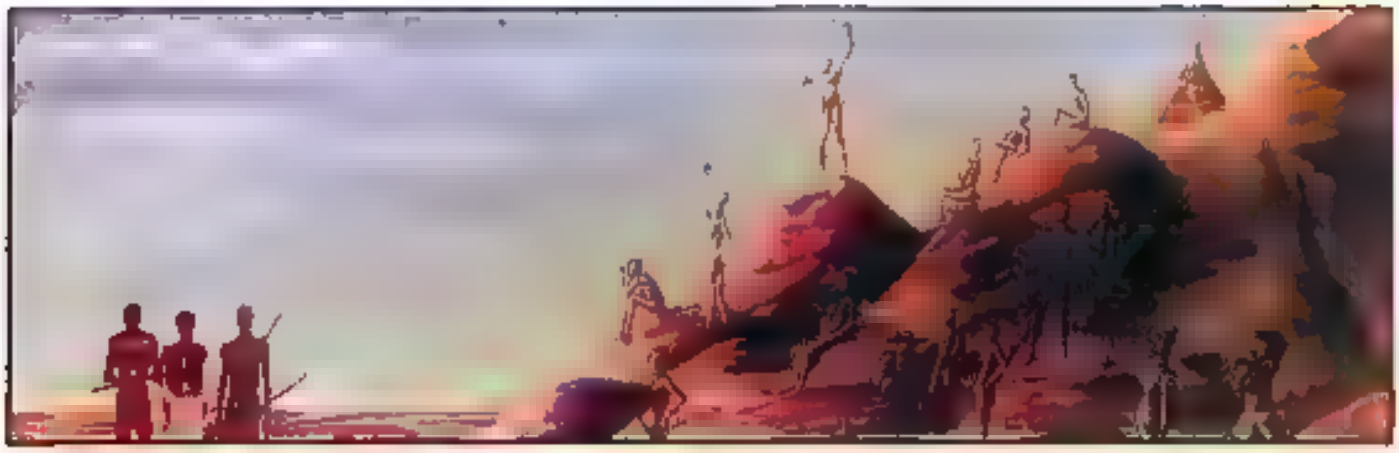
I WENT STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE GREAT COUNCIL BUILDING
WASN'T ABLE TO RECOGNIZE MY SURROUNDINGS. THE CITY HAD COMPLETELY CHANGED IN THE FEW MONTHS I HAD BEEN AWAY
I DON'T THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO ENTER THIS BUILDING
I HAVE TO SPEAK TO THE GREAT COUNCIL. I HAVE AN URGENT MESSAGE. IT IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE
THEY OPEN IT WHEN I SAY OPEN. SAY OPEN FRONT OF THE DOOR AND KNOCK
SURE SURE
THE GREAT COUNCIL HAS BETTER THINGS TO DO
WHAT DOES HE WANT?
HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO THE COUNCIL
HA,HA,HA,HA
HA
HA,HA,HA
A A A

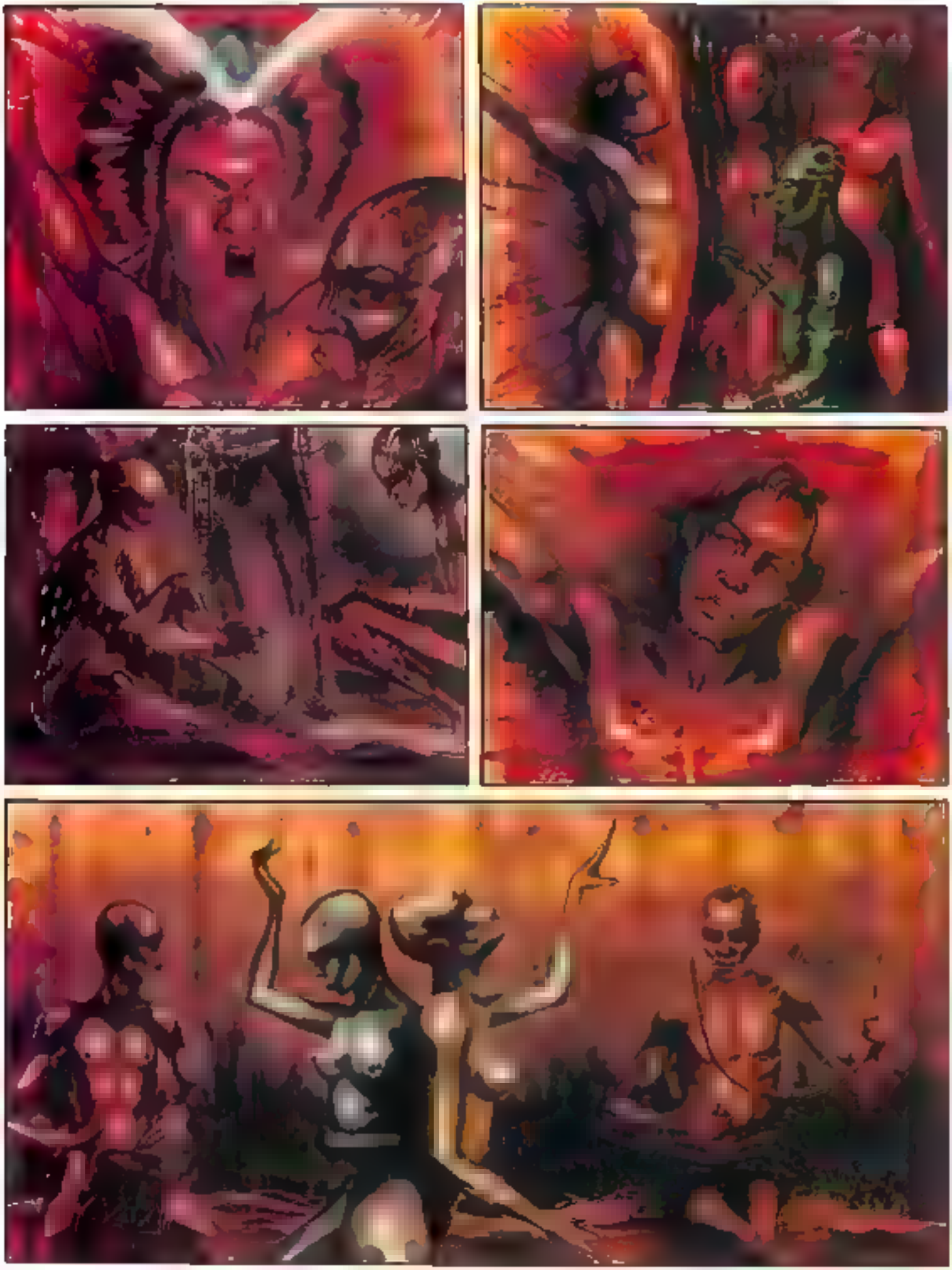
WAITED FOR TWO WHOLE DAYS
WE [illegible] FREE
MY NAME IS FRENZ AND I WAS SENT TO BAMARIS ON A SPECIAL MISSION HAVE TO SPEAK TO THE GREAT COUNCIL
[illegible]
COME IN THE GREAT COUNCIL WANTS TO SEE YOU BUT MAKE IT SHORT
YOU HAVE ASKED TO BE HEARD NOW WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO TELL US?

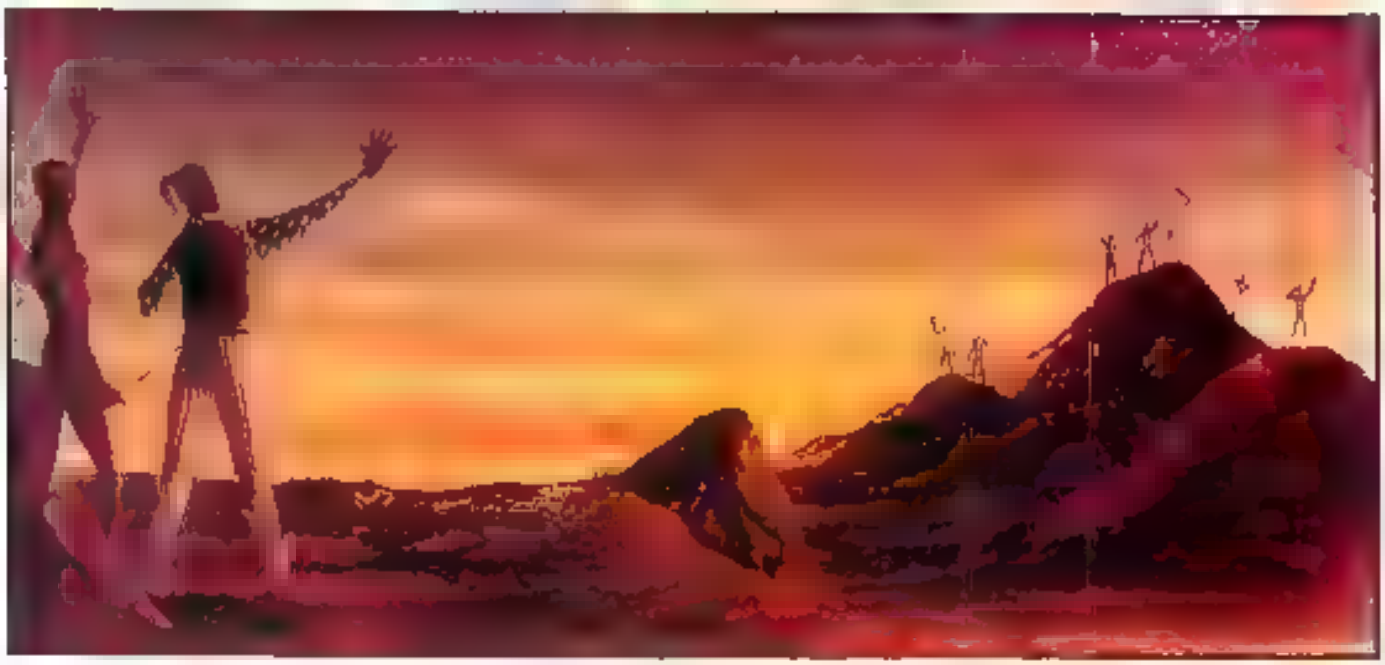
TO BE CONTINUED

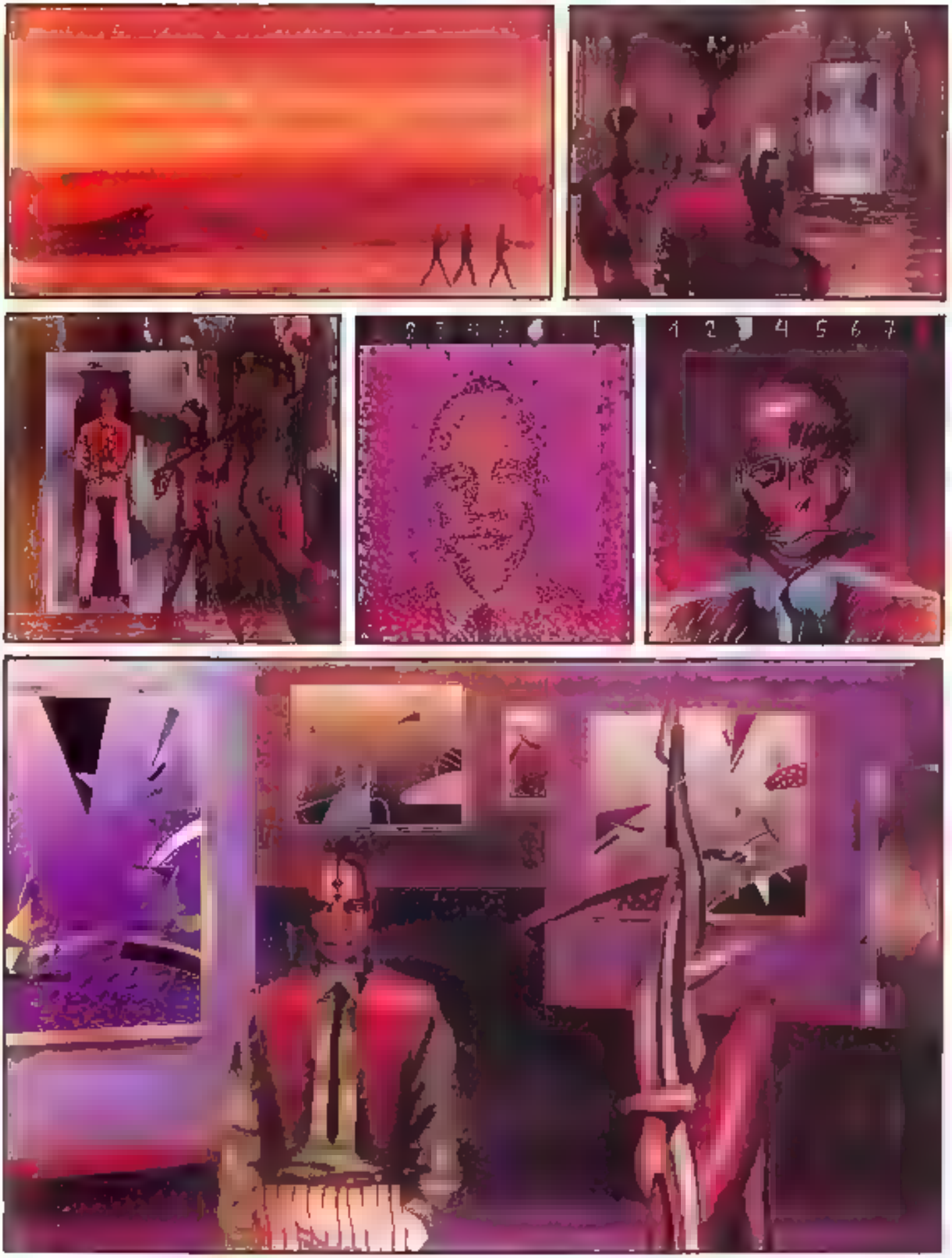
the stranger


WHAT FLOOR IS
THE APARTMENT OF
SASHA IN ?









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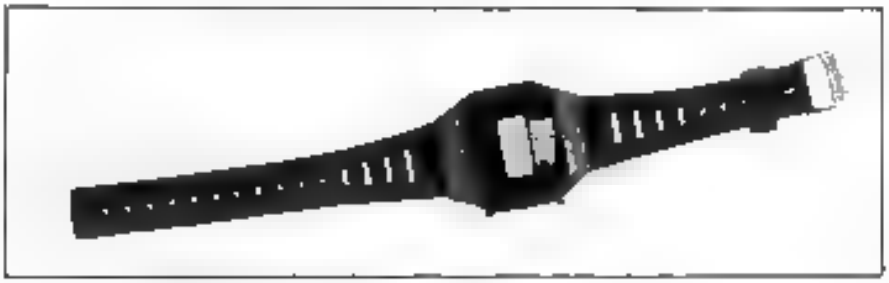

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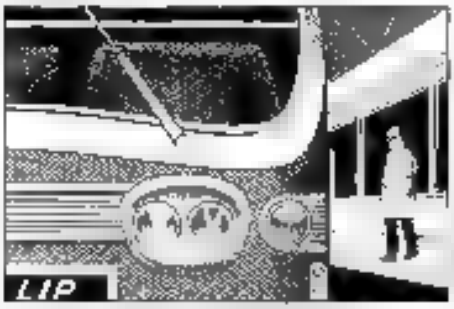
the bus

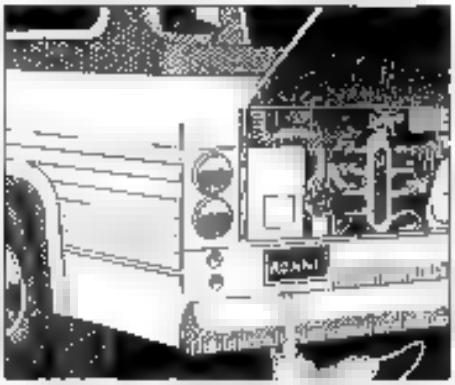
WORKING GIRL

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

CAN AN UPTOWN BUS FIND HAPPINESS ON THE STREETS OF THE BIG C ??? ASK YOU KNOW??? THIS MONTH'S BUS IS BUSY BUSY BUSY, BUT IN SPITE OF HER TIGHT SCHEDULE SHE STILL FINDS TIME FOR FUN!



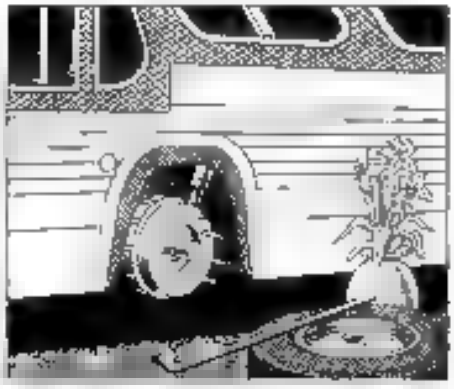
"I PICK MEN UP RIGHT OFF THE STREET SOMETIMES I LIKE A MAN WHO CAN PAY HIS OWN WAY WHO KNOWS WHERE HE'S GOING LOOKS AREN'T IMPORTANT



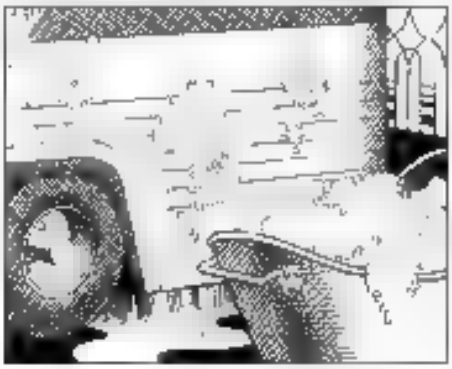
TURN ONS

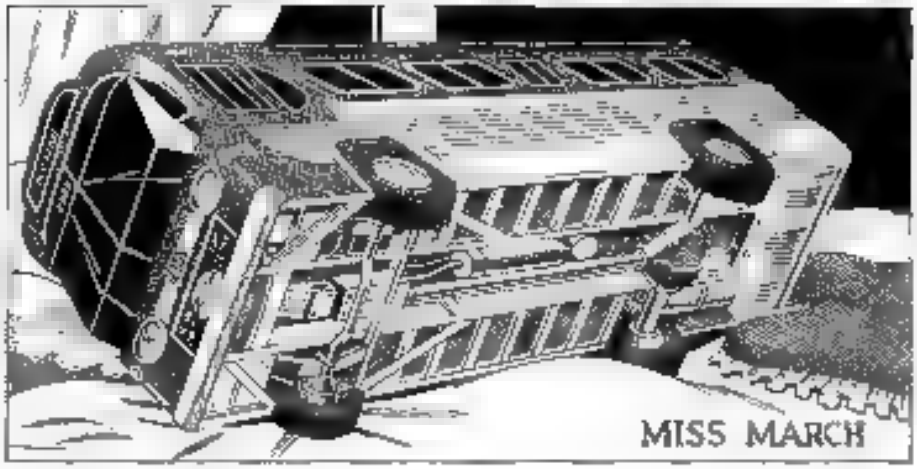
Brace changes, green lights, Gridlock, Graffiti, Potholes

TURN OFFS



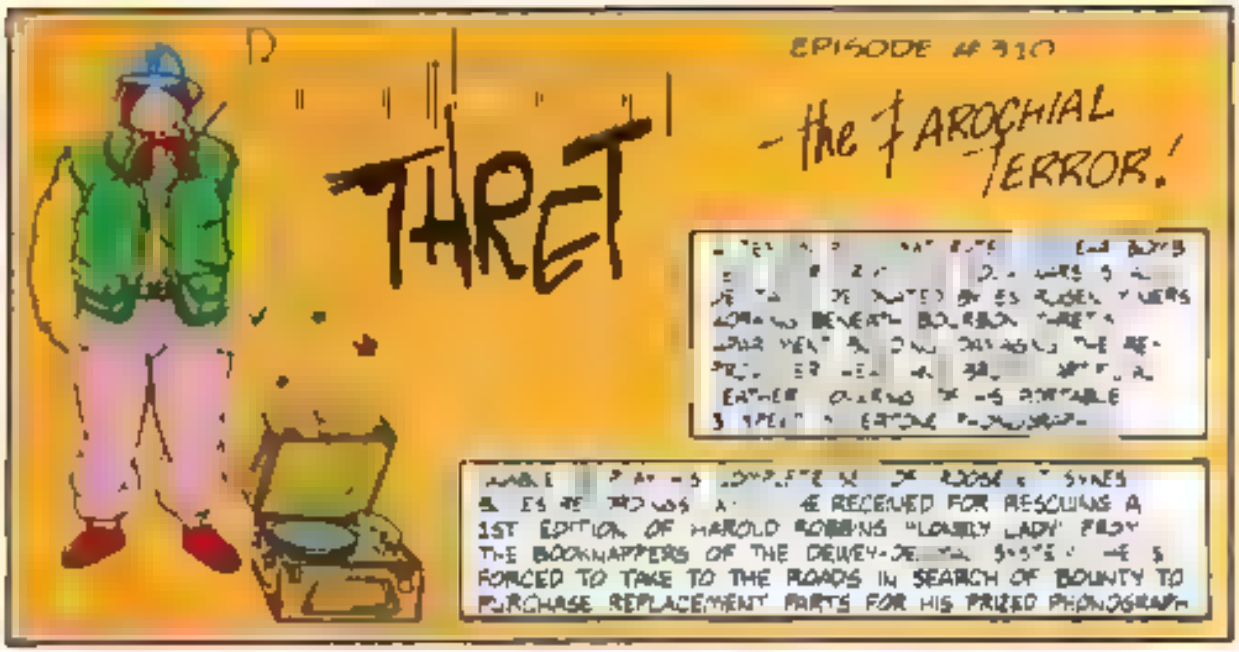
"I'M VERY SERIOUS ABOUT MY ACTING I APPEARED IN *SPLASH* OF COURSE IT WAS ONLY A DRIVE-ON PART BUT IT WAS A VALUABLE LEARNING EXPERIENCE TO WORK WITH DIRECTOR RON HOWARD "





COMING:

The premiere of Richard Corben's "Bodyssey"
Interview with *Eating Raoul*'s Paul Bartel
Liberatore does it: on the cover!


THRET
EPISODE #310
-the PAROCHIAL TERROR!
AND HE RECEIVED FOR RESCUING A 1ST EDITION OF HAROLD ROBBINS "LONELY LADY" FROM THE BOOKNAPPERS OF THE DEWEY-DE
FORCED TO TAKE TO THE ROADS IN SEARCH OF BOUNTY TO PURCHASE REPLACEMENT PARTS FOR HIS PRIZED PHONOGRAPH

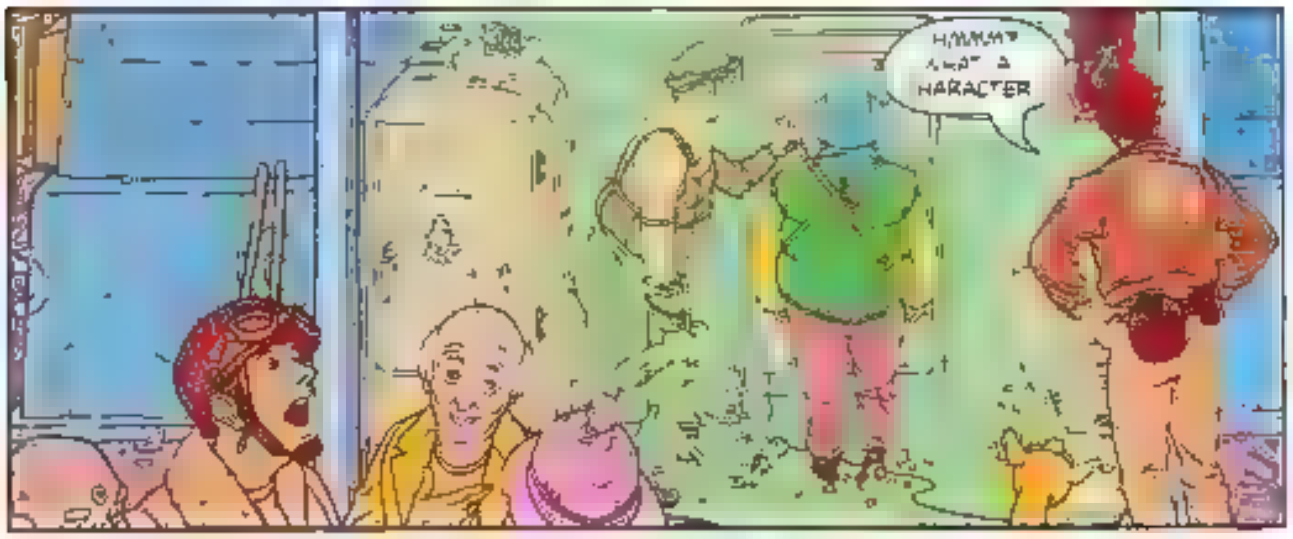
ACCEPTS A COMMISSION FROM THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF
BUM BUM

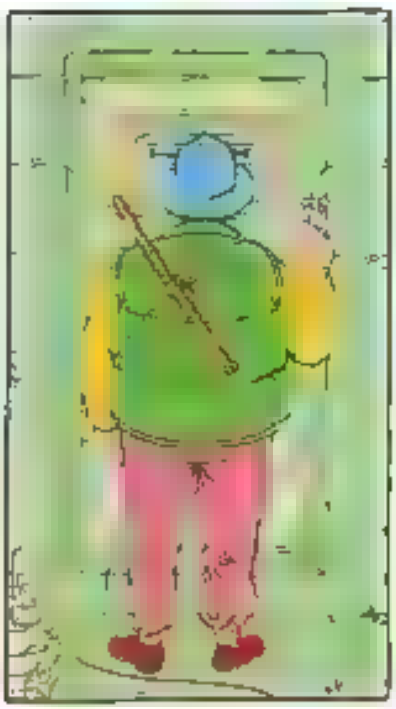
MOOO

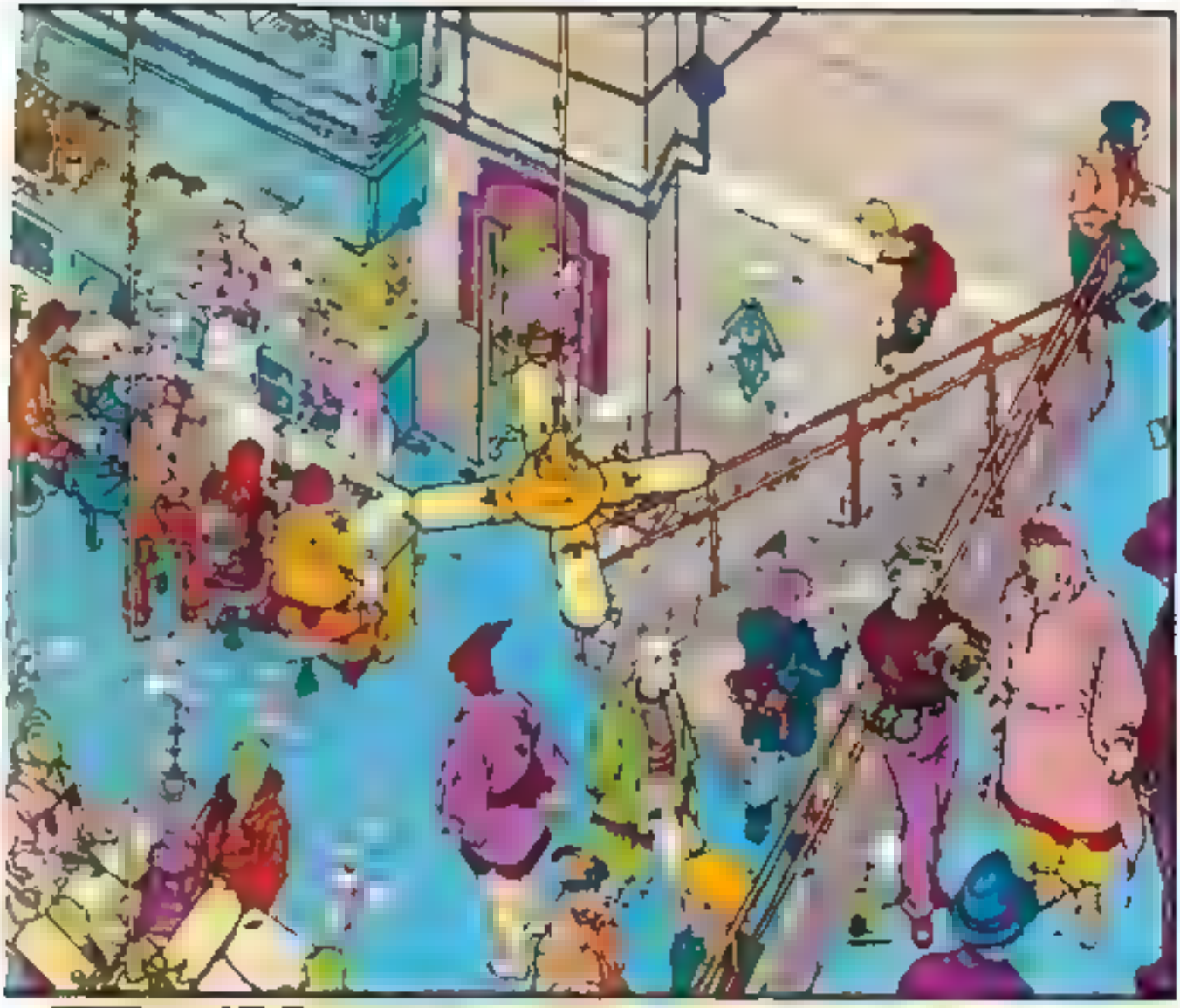
MEOW

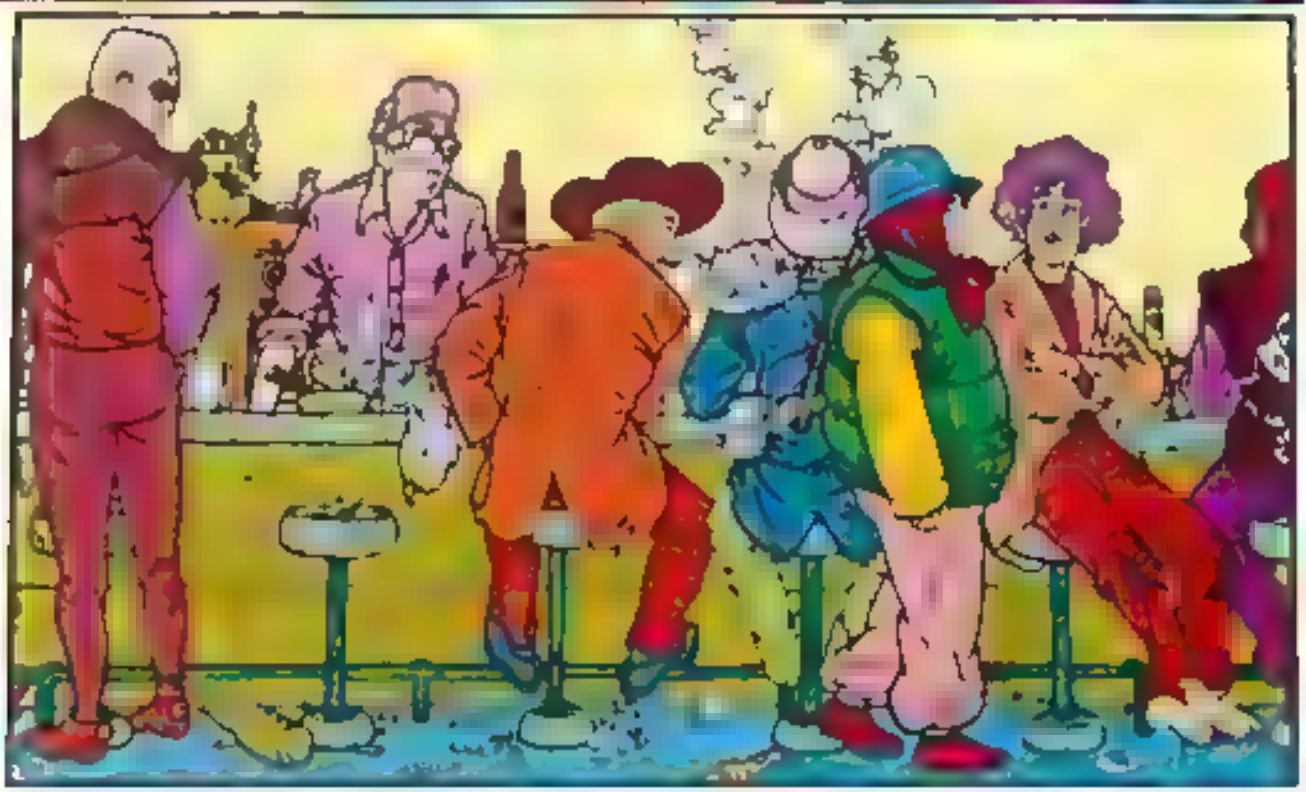
I AM A TWO DIMENSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CLONE OF SISTER MARY MOVE AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT CREATED FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF DEFLECTING MYSELF FOR IMMEDIATE EXECUTION AS PRESCRIBED BY THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH PLEASE DISCLOSE THE KNOWLEDGE OF HER WHEREABOUTS AS YOUR COOPERATION IS MANDATORY BLESS YOU OR YOUR DEAD

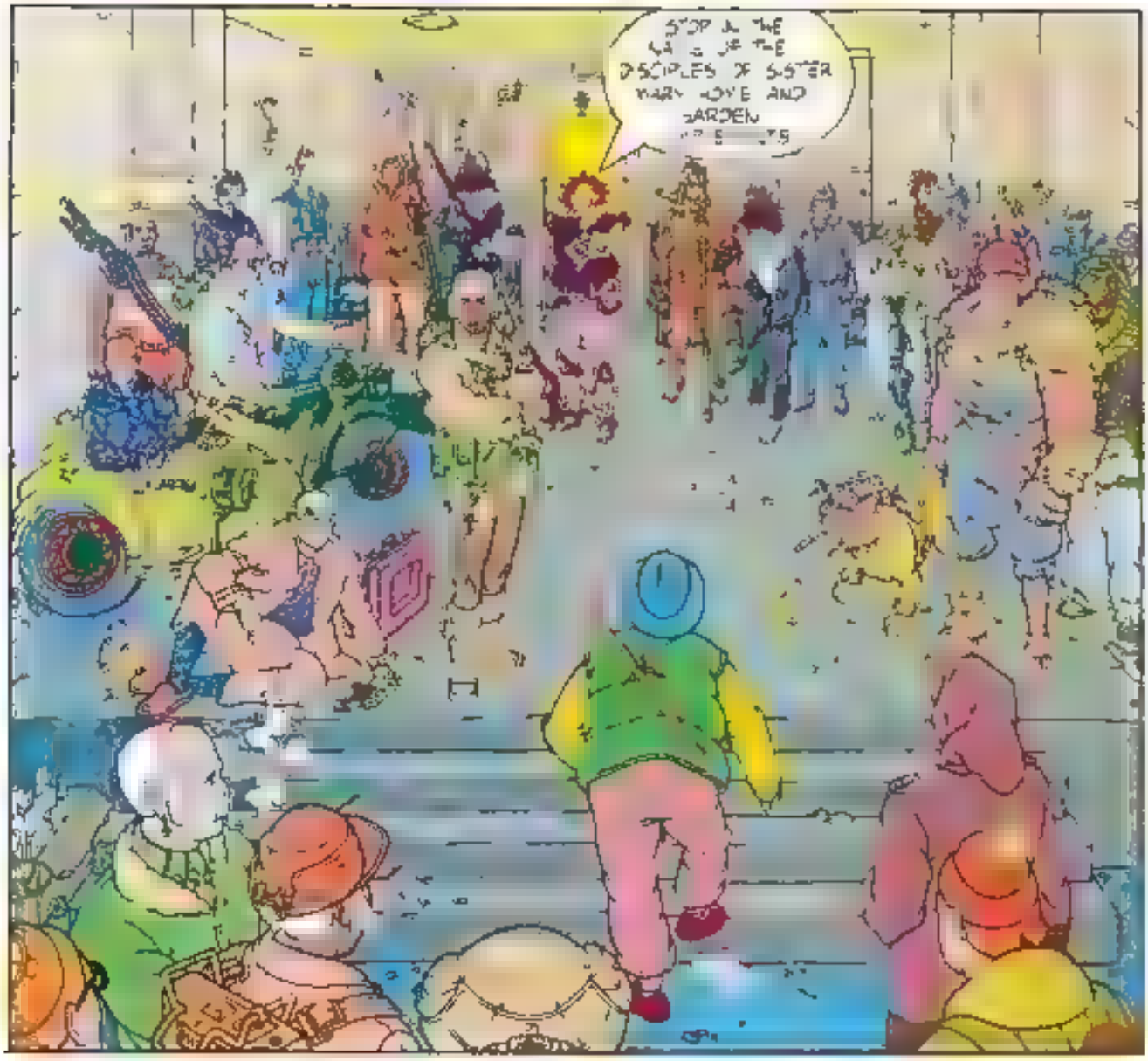
SHE'S IN THE BACK IN THE LADIES ROOM. SHE SLIPS A RECIPE OUT TO THE COOK EVERY FEW HOURS


HMMMM WHAT A HARACTER

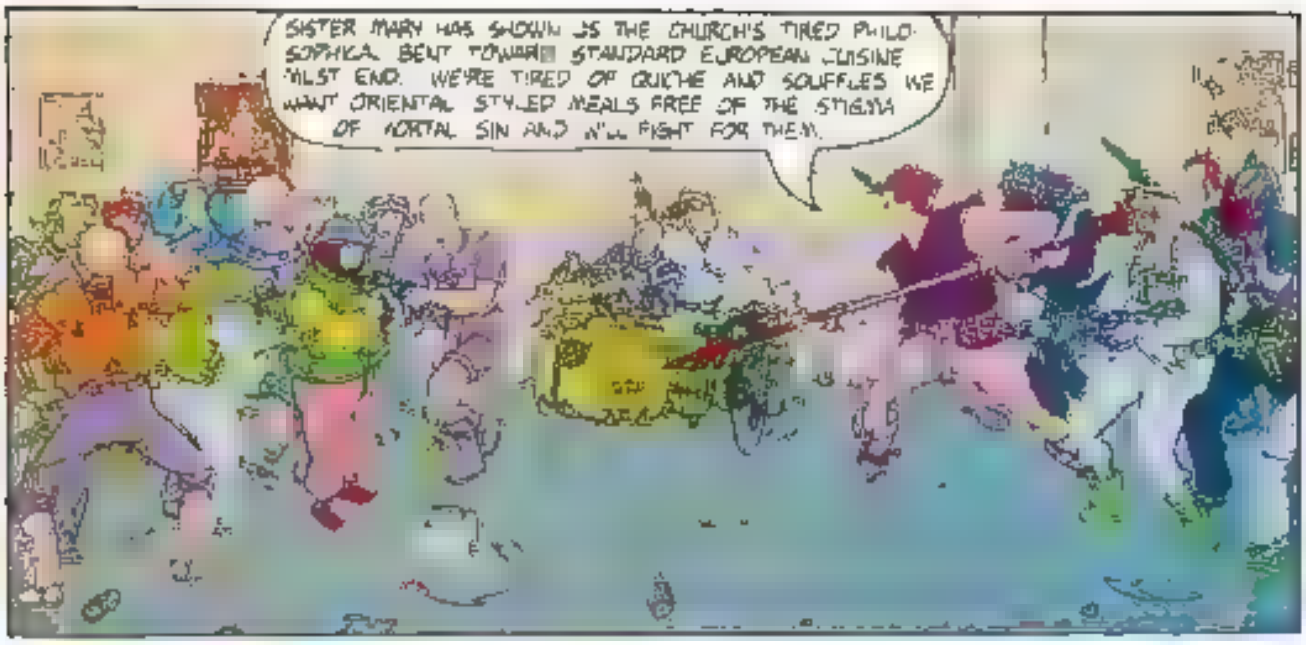


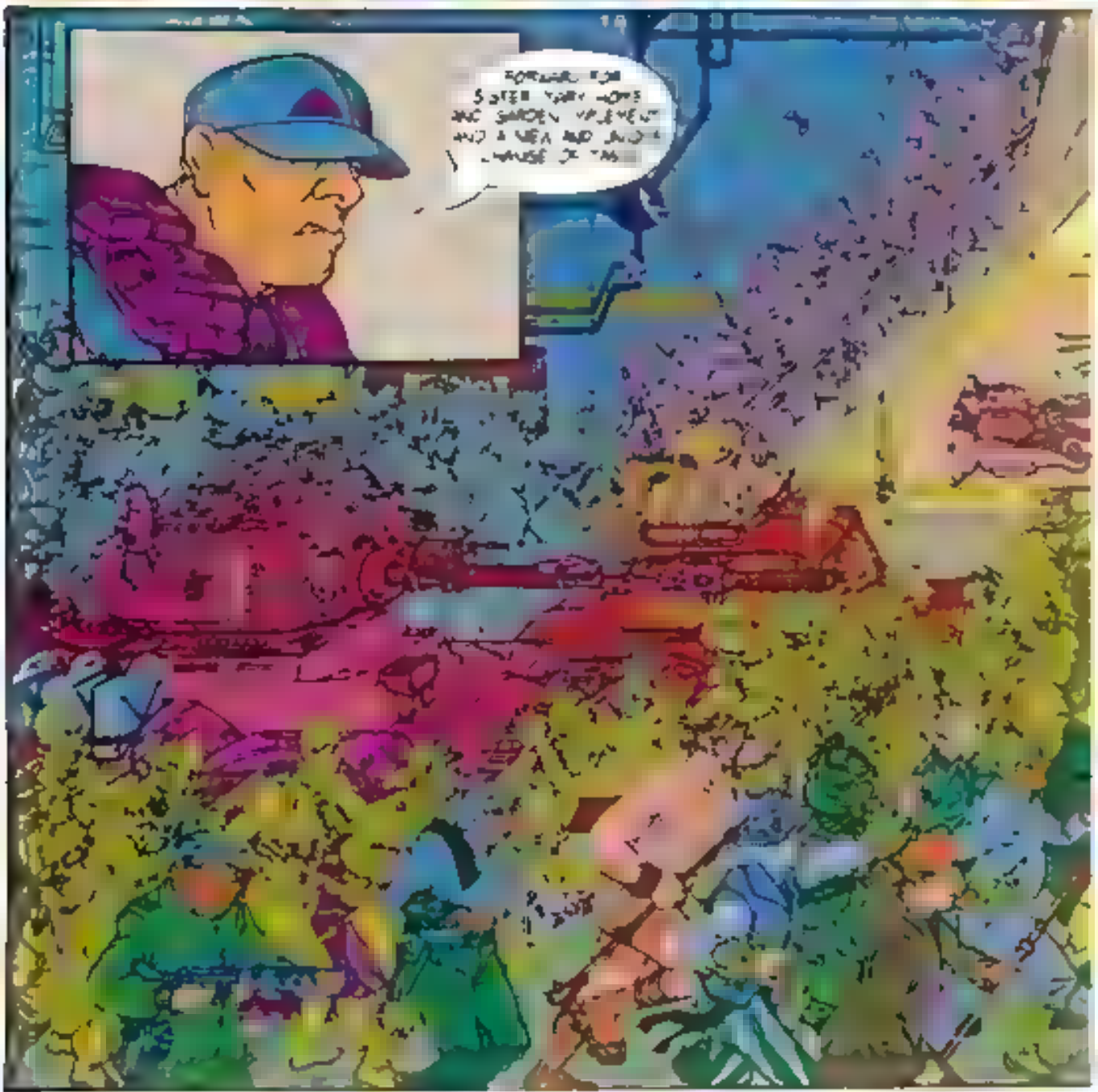





STOP IN THE
NAME OF THE
DISCIPLES OF SISTER
MARY LOVE AND
GARDEN

WHAT?!
CANNOT BE

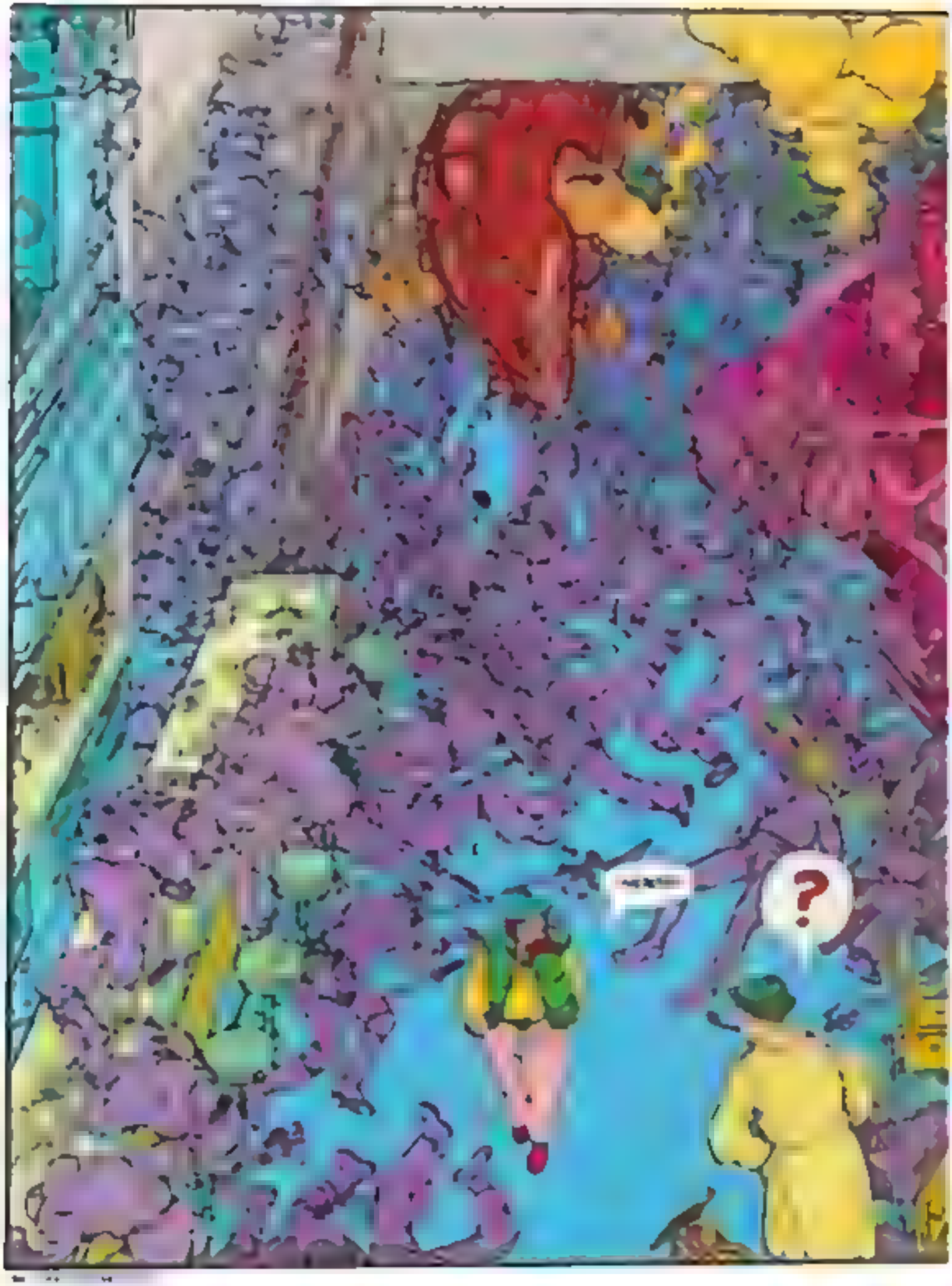

SISTER MARY HAS SHOWN US THE CHURCH'S TIRED PHILO-
SOPHICAL BENT TOWARD STANDARD EUROPEAN CUISINE
'MIST END. WE'RE TIRED OF QUICHE AND SOUFFLES WE
WANT ORIENTAL STYLED MEALS FREE OF THE STIGMA
OF MORTAL SIN AND WE'LL FIGHT FOR THEM.

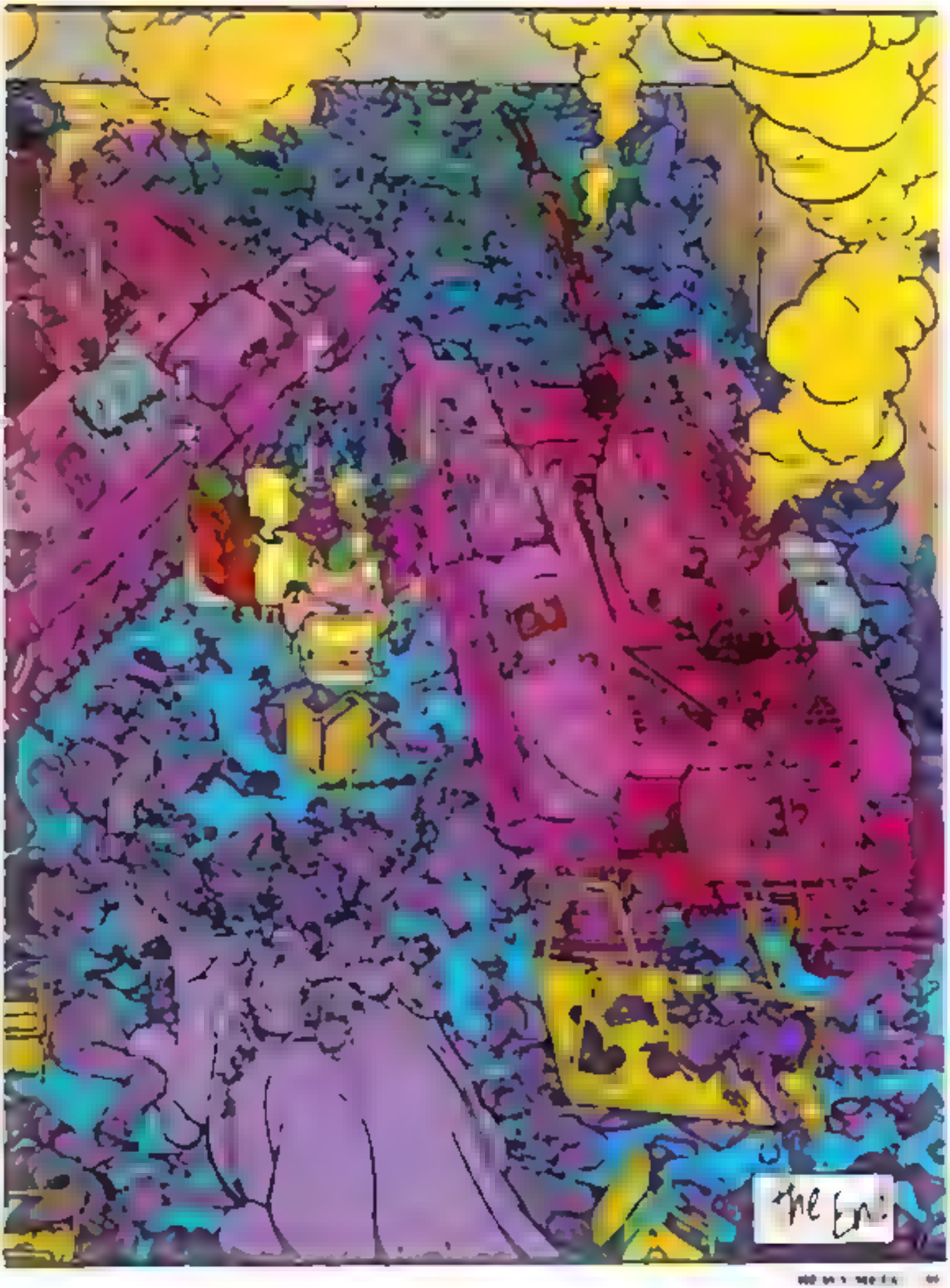


KAT-A-THA-BOOOM!

INSIDE THE ADES ROOM SISTER YARN HOME
AND GARDEN IMPLEMENT SEEMS OBLIVIOUS TO
THE BATTLE RAGING INSIDE HER SKULL YARN

WHAT?!
NO PLEASE
RECIPES FROM NOW
ON PLEASE
ARF-ARF




The End

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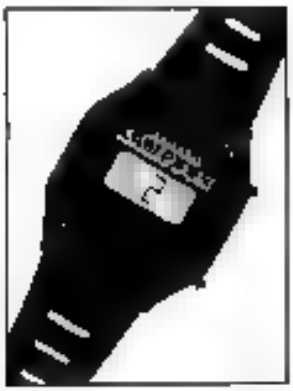

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C *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joy: our silver satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hippier than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00**

____ small ____ medium ____ large

D **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt.** These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **$8.00**

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E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your favorite dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **$15.95.**

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Charles Burns's brilliant "El Borbah"
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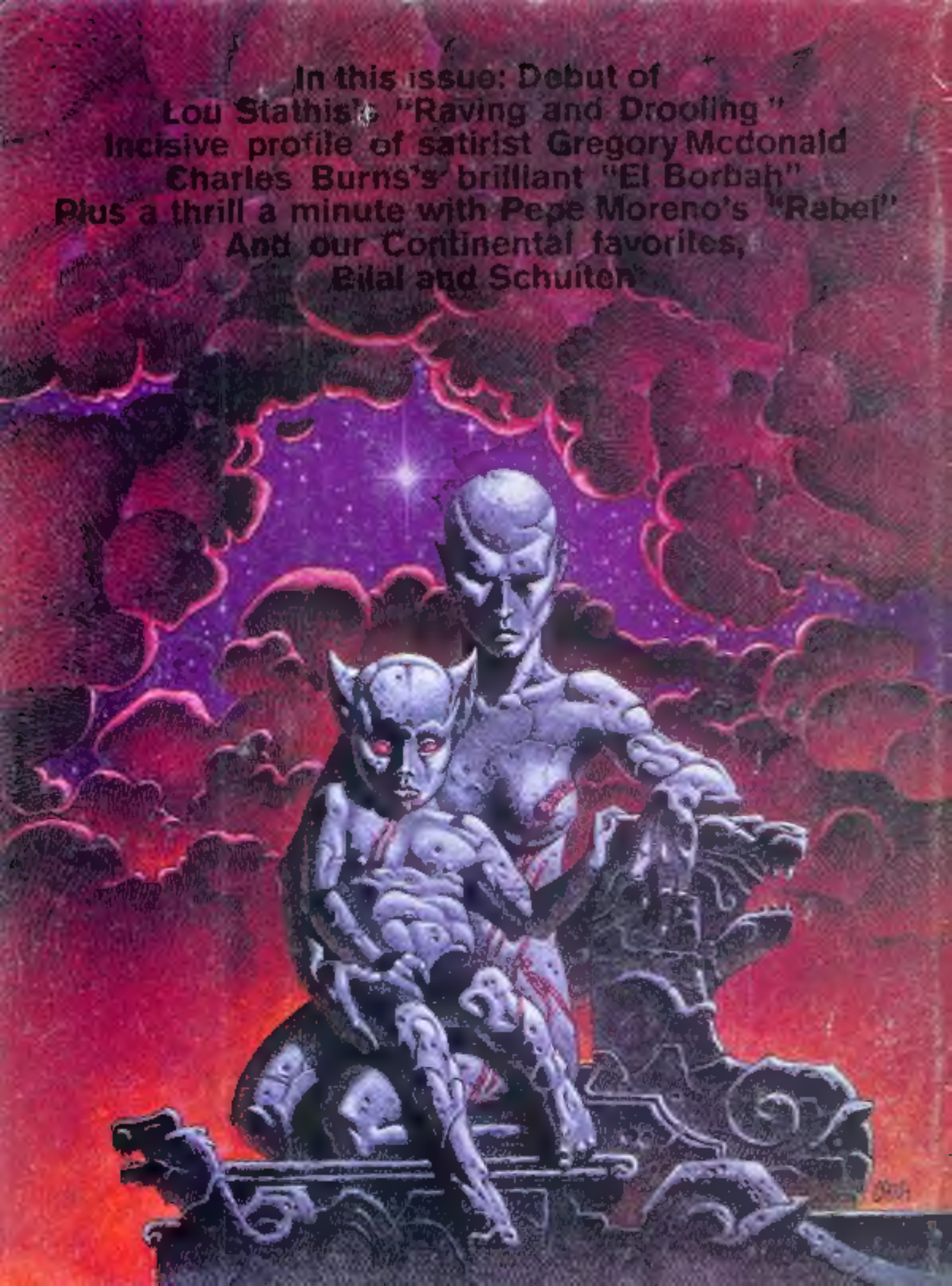

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